

DUNCAN AND PEGGY:

A

SCOTTISH TALE.

BY

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AUTHOR OF LOUISA; OR, THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR;

&c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DUNCAN AND TERRY

SCOTT'S

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DUNCAÑ and PEGGY:

A SCOTTISH TALE.

CHAP. I.

“ This is (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did hear and knaw,
Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt futhe saw;
Contrairie God and the King’s law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
This is the sum, fae I conclude.”

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

“ KEN ye the news of Culloden
Field?” said an old mutilated soldier,
rising hastily from a bench at the

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door

door of a small public-house, about eighty miles from the seat of action; and addressing a courier, who had stopped to have his horse's shoe fastened at the adjoining shed, the day after the battle.

“ Brave news !” replied the messenger; “ Prince William has crushed rebellion : so if you are loyal, rejoice !” As he spoke he threw himself on his horse, and was preparing to depart; but the veteran catching hold of the bridle, exclaimed, “ For the love of Heaven, one word; ken ye if the brave Colonel Campbell and his bonny son be safe? If ye can add these gude tidings to your other brae ones, fare fa’ ye, and make ye as happy as ye’ll make Sandy Mac Intosh !”

“ My

“ My departure was too speedy to gain much information,” replied the messenger ; “ but this morning, at break of day, I passed a gentleman of that name, who I heard was coming to this village.”

The soldier gave a loud huzza, and loosed the bridle ; the courier spurred his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

“ Now the muckle de’el d—— that French bullet that forced an high-landman to sic a substitute for a bonny strong leg,” stamping a wooden one, and dashing his mull against the ground—“ and obliged Sandy to tarry at hame, while others are gaining glory in the wars !—But ’tis nae time for wailing ; hark’ye (calling into the
B 2 house)

house) Jemmy, Willie, Jockie, Roger, and ye too Charley, for all your grinning, Your namesake's beaten, and may e'en hang his lugs back to France. —Our brae laird is on the way hame; so fetch your pipes, and let all hasten to meet him; I'll gang get me a horse, for shame fa' this stump, if I dinna ride, I shall be left ahint."

The lads, to whom Sandy thus addressed himself, were drinking in the house; the host had informed them of the victory, but was himself unacquainted with the news of the Colonel's return. This information redoubled their joy, and hastily emptying their pots to the health of their laird and his brave son, they prepared to obey the welcome summons.

“ Brae

“ Brae news ! brae news ! the rebels are defeated, and our master’s on the road hame ! ” exclaimed Sandy when he reached the castle-gate—“ Brae news, gude troth ! ” re-echoed the porter, running forward to proclaim it, and leaving Sandy swearing and stumping behind.

The information sounded through the house ; the family assembled in an instant—Sandy was asked a thousand questions, none of which he could resolve, save, that Prince William had obtained a victory, and the Colonel was on his way home.

“ On his way home ! ” repeated the chaplain ; “ fure that’s impossible so speedily ; is Captain James with him ? ”

“Weel speered,” replied Sandy, “but I dinna ken; but nae fear, if the Colonel’s coming, the Captain does nae linger far ahint.”—At this moment the drone of the bagpipes gave notice that all were assembled; and Sandy, with the domestics that could be spared, immediately joined them, and set out on their expedition.

Mr. Sommers, the chaplain, on their departure retired to his apartment; he could hardly believe the news true, of the Colonel’s so speedy return, and dreaded, should it be so, that himself or son was wounded.

CHAP. II.

“ In thravis of death with wallowit cheek,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriors lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blithsorn founnds
To boast the glories of the day,
And schaw thair shining wounds.

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THE cavalcade set out with the greatest glee; and about ten miles from their native village, on the declivity of a hill, discovered at a small distance the Colonel and his attendants: they immediately began to express their joy, some playing on bag-

B 4

pipes,

pipes, others singing in rustic notes the prowess of his ancestors ; while the maidens danced before to the warlike tune, or, joining in the song, with their voices softened the rude but heartfelt melody.

Colonel Campbell was mounted on a once black steed, that had often borne him in the service of his country ; like his master he had gained grey hairs in the glorious employ, yet would he still neigh at the beating of a drum, and rush indignant from the tightened hand at the sound of arms. The Colonel advanced towards his vassals—traits of sorrow overcame the natural benignity of his countenance ; their eyes were strained beyond the object before them with the eagerness
of

of expectation—"Let your eyes rest here, my friends!" said the Colonel, pulling his hat lower on his brows.—"But our young laird," replied an old man, "is he nae returned to bless us?" "You, and I, my friend," replied the Colonel, "shall soon meet him; more worthy than thee or me he has reached the summit before us:" his hand thrice crossed his eyes. "Yes, he is gone!—covered with wounds, he has bravely fallen in the service of his country."—The bagpipes for a moment gave a melancholy drone, and then were silent: the songsters, in the height of the song of victory, gave a cry of despondency, and sunk at once into a double heaved sigh; the maidens' feet, long used

to beat the joyful measure, stood motionless and inactive. The Colonel paused a moment—"My friends, Campbell's battles are over; I return to draw my last breath among ye, no more will I quit ye: had James returned, your joy might have been more complete; but let this reflection console you, that he died for his country.—Our loyal Scots saw their leader fall, and for a moment felt as ye do; then with one voice they cried, "Grief to-morrow, revenge to-day! Then let us too bear our sorrows with fortitude; you have indeed lost a friend, but I have lost a son, the support of my age." The wind raised a cloud of dust—the veteran seized the pretence to wipe his eyes—"Ah me!

nae

nae mair return?" replied Sandy; "nae mair cheer the auld, nor sport with the youthfu' ? Alas ! where shall we find comfort when our brae laird, that bonny lad James Campbell's dead ? Who hereafter shall lead our Scots to face the fae, when Campbell's line's extinct ?" " I entreat you," returned the Colonel, " to cease your grief, it increases mine : our line is not extinct, my nephew will I hope be worthy the name he bears ; he is yet an infant, hereafter he must be your chief, and, I doubt not, will be brave, and merit your affection." " Nae doubt he may," replied Sandy fobbing, the big tears chafing each other down his rough and weather-beaten cheeks ; " for the blood of dishonour or cow-

ardice never yet disgraced the veins of a Campbell ; but can we forget the bonny Captain—he who had ever an arm ready to defend the weak, and a tear to shed with the mournfu’ ? Surely nay, these aged een shall never look on his fellow—How often have I curst this stump that hindered me fighting under sic a commander ?—but nae matter, I shall nae hae long to mourn him ; and as there are nae cripples in the ither warld, the bonny James Campbell shall nae want an honest soldier.”

They now proceeded in heavy dejection towards their village, where those that were too old, or too young, to attempt meeting the veteran at a greater distance, flocked from their
houses,

houses, and, eager to gaze, intercepted his passage. But the dire news spread among them, curiosity had lost its object, their youthful favourite was no more; and though they cast up their bonnets, and cried, as usual, Long live Colonel Campbell! yet the rude unbidden tear would force its way down cheeks to which it was before a stranger; for James Campbell, the bonny brae James, as they termed him, was their darling, born among them, and universally beloved.

The desire of their much esteemed chief at length made them endeavour to appear composed, though their hearts were sunk with sorrow. Thus the cavalcade in gloomy silence reached the seat of Colonel Campbell; it

was

was an old castle situated on a hill, and had withstood the united efforts of war and time : some of the stones that composed the fabric had been shattered by ball ; but the friendly ivy, which almost covered the structure, hid those defects. Around was a spacious park, in which nature had been lavish of her beauties ; the boundaries on the north side being marked by a ridge of hills, and the bottom watered by numberless serpentine rivulets that fell down the rocky slopes in natural cascades ; the scarlet strawberry clothing the humble glen, and the towering fir the mountain top : and though the castle was on one side rather exposed to the eastern blast, yet did its chill influence never perforate the Colonel's hall ;

hall; hospitality and universal philanthropy keeping the mansion as warm as the bosom of its master.

The Colonel, on reaching his dwelling, desired his vassals to retire; a request they instantly obeyed, praying Heaven to restore his heart to tranquillity.

CHAP. III.

"Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame."

HOME.

THE Colonel now secluded himself from all company, but that of Mr. Sommers, before whom he frequently gave free vent to his grief. That gentleman had educated his son, was most tenderly attached to him, and never failed, when the Colonel's sorrow authorised his, to number tear for tear with him; at other times he struggled to conceal his grief within his

his own bosom, fearful of increasing that of his patron. James Campbell had received his death from a musket shot, which he survived but two hours, speechless the whole time, and expired in his father's arms. "Alas, Sommers!" said the veteran, "never shall I lose the remembrance of James's expressive eye—his struggle to speak; but, unfortunate father that I am! I was denied the consolation of hearing his voice:—would to Heaven I had received the stroke, and my son had been spared!"

"Would to God, rather," replied Mr. Sommers, "that you never had gone to this battle!"—"Peace! had I an hundred sons they should fight for their country. Alas! I had but
one,

one, and he has nobly paid his debt, and done his duty."

Here the feelings of the hero and father struggled for pre-eminence ; but nature proclaimed her triumph by the tears that streamed down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran.

About six weeks after the return of the Colonel, Mr. Sommers entreated permission to leave him for a month or two, as he had some business of the utmost importance to transact. The Colonel, though never before in such need of a friendly companion, readily consented, ever considering his own ease and gratification as necessary to be given up to the welfare of others.

Mr. Sommers remained absent near two months, his melancholy appearing rather

rather increased than lessened by travelling; nay, his temper seemed to have contracted a degree of acrimony totally unusual to it. Some time after his return, he proposed to the Colonel a tour and paying a visit to his brother, Mr. Campbell; which however the Colonel declined for the present, but promised to think of hereafter.

Mr. Campbell lived at the family-seat, near an hundred miles distant from the Colonel. This gentleman had only one surviving child, which was a daughter of the age of thirty, who had been many years married to an English nobleman of the name of Beugle; but a son, whom he had lost about three years before, had left him a grandson, now heir to himself and
the

the Colonel. This child was an orphan, his mother dying at his birth, and now in his fifth year. Mr. Sommers spoke in the warmest terms to the Colonel, of his youthful nephew, whom they had both seen some time previous to his son's death, recommending it to him to educate him under his own inspection, as he was heir to his large fortune. Indeed Mr. Sommers's real intention was to divert the grief of his worthy patron, by the cares that would naturally attend such a project.

Time at length, in some measure, blunted the acuteness of the Colonel's sorrow; and though he still dropped a tear of tenderness to the memory of his son, the cause in which he fell
sweetened

sweetened its bitterness : he felt as a father, but remembered he was a foldier.

About a year after this lamented loss, the Colonel, accompanied by Mr. Sommers, paid his brother a visit, when a proposal of his giving up his grandson to live with him was made. His fortune was too large, and the child's present expectancy too great for him to meet a denial ; the offer was therefore accepted with pleasure, as it was regarded but as the preliminary step to declaring him sole heir, though with this restriction from grandmamma, that as Duncan (for so was the youth named) was but six years old, he should remain a year or two longer with her, as she wished to correct him
of

of some meannesses he had imbibed, and, if possible, instil into his mind a behaviour worthy his birth; though, as she wisely observed, she feared his extreme youth would in great measure render her counsels on that score fruitless. High birth was the lady's foible; and though Mr. Campbell had married her without a portion, she ever considered him as peculiarly honoured by her alliance. It was a weakness the Colonel smiled at; but in this instance determined him to hasten the time of his nephew's removal, lest he should imbibe a haughtiness which might hereafter render him disagreeable to his inferiors, and rather feared and despised, than respected.

The brothers, though ever united
in

in the strictest bonds of friendship, were of very different tempers. Mr. Campbell was an inoffensive character, close and parsimonious;—the Colonel, on the contrary, was open and generous; his heart, though a brave one, alive to every humanised tender feeling: he had been educated by his uncle, an officer of distinguished honour, and particularly attached to King William; from this relation he imbibed the utmost detestation for the very name of King James, freely expending his fortune as well as venturing his life to defend and preserve the crown to the Protestant succession. The brothers both married ladies of their own country, and had been parents to a numerous offspring, none of which

which on the side of Mr. Campbell survived but Lady Beugle, as before observed. The Colonel had been blest with three sons, two of whom died in their infancy, and the third, our much lamented James, who had fallen in the service of his country. The Colonel lost his Lady some years previous to this mournful event, and had sincerely lamented her. Mr. Sommers and himself educated the youth: the former had made him a man of understanding, and an accomplished gentleman; the latter had made him a soldier, and taught him to hold his life only of value as it could serve his king and country. In his twenty-first year he attended the Duke of Cumberland at Tournay, and after-

wards to the battle of Culloden, where he lost his life.

The preliminaries settled for Duncan's living with his uncle, the Colonel in a few days took his leave; Mr. Campbell promising to bring the youth to the castle at the appointed time.

CHAP. IV.

“ His hair was like the threds of gold,
Drawn from Minerva’s loome :
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a perfume.

“ His brow was like the mountain sna,
Gilt by the morning beam ;
His cheeks like living roses glow :
His een like azure stream.”

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

WE shall pass over the twelve months that brought Duncan to his uncle’s, something turned of seven years old ; strong, bold, light, active, and cheerful as health and good humour could make him. “ Behold, brother,”
said

said Mr. Campbell, "our last remaining male! he is yours—may he possess sufficient merit to blunt the acuteness of your feelings for James!"

"What say you, Duncan?" returned the Colonel; "will you live with me?" "Will you teach me to be a soldier, uncle?"

"By my honour will I!" replied the Colonel embracing him; "and may'st thou be more fortunate than thy kinsman!"

Mr. Campbell chid his grandson for advancing so painful a subject, saying, "Indeed, brother, this boy is too warm; I could wish you to curb him before the habit is too deeply rooted."—" 'Tis a matter in which we shall never disagree," answered the Colonel, "provided 'tis

ever honourably employed ; I wish not the moderation of age on the shoulders of youth—But mark me, Duncan, to gain my favour ; with the poor, the oppressed, and the meek, you must be gentle ; with the rich, the oppressor, or the proud, act as your nature shall direct.”

“ I am heartily glad, uncle,” returned Duncan, “ that you give me leave to talk to poor folks ; for though I love my grandmamma very dearly, and she has forbid me doing it an hundred times, yet I could never help it when I saw a ragged boy ; and I protest, though she has told me so much of the difference of blood, yet when Davy Forbes and I fell out of the nut-tree, and made

both our noses bleed, for the life of me I could see no difference."

Mr. Campbell chid his grandson; but the smile that involuntarily crossed the face of the Colonel, reassured the youth, who in a fortnight became so attached to his uncle, that, on the departure of his grandfather, he was in the utmost terror lest he should be obliged to accompany him.

Mr. Sommers undertook the education of Duncan with pleasure, whose vivacity and good humour brought back to his memory the youth of his former pupil: as for the Colonel, he became daily more attached to his nephew; and sportive mirth and jocund dance again began to resound through the vaulted roofs of the Castle, on birth-

days, anniversaries of victories, &c. &c. on which times the Colonel never failed to give an entertainment to his vassals.

As Duncan's temper was similar to the Colonel's lamented son's, and his education the same, he soon became as great a favourite among the dependants:—tell a tale of woe, he had a heart as weak as a girl; relate one of oppression, and the heated blood shone in his cheeks and sparkled in his eyes.—Once every year he visited his grandfather (as the distance was too considerable to make those visits more frequent), but ever returned with double pleasure to the Colonel—not that he was wanting in affection or duty to Mr. Campbell, but he looked up to the Colonel as a model of perfection which it was his highest

highest ambition to imitate. Seated under the majestic firs in the Colonel's park, often did Duncan oblige his uncle to renew his battles, from that of Blanglies to that of Dettingen :—even Sandy Mac Intosh was often a party in these conversations ; he had attended the Colonel through all, and lost his leg in the last mentioned. Thus glided months and years until Duncan attained the age of fifteen ; polished by nature, cultivated by the care of Mr. Sommers, tall without awkwardness, handsome without effeminacy : he could run, dance, wrestle, or climb to the craggy mountain's top, as though, unused to the Colonel's soft indulgence, he had been bred on its summit, and

accustomed to plunge barefoot among its frozen snows.

One morning Duncan was not to be found at breakfast time; after which the Colonel and Mr. Sommers walked towards the village, half anxious for their favourite. At length they perceived him advancing towards them, but were much surprised, as the youth drew near, to see his clothes torn, and his face swelled and disfigured. “Where hast been, my dear boy?” said the Colonel, “and how came your face so bruised?” “In a cause for which, my dear Sir, I’m sure you will not blame me. It is doubtless by your order that milk is every morning given to the poor; it has ever pleased me to
contemplate

contemplate the apparent satisfaction with which they receive it. One little lass, whom I never saw till lately, usually came after the other girls and boys, and generally met with a reprimand from the dairy maid: this morning, not content with sending her away with an empty pitcher, she spoke so harshly to her as sent her back in tears. I heard the whole discourse, and followed, determined to make her return, and oblige Mary to fill the pitcher. She had reached the little park-gate, before I overtook her, where two great loons had stopped the passage on purpose to tease her; one of whom I heard say, "You are weel served, dorty pet—gae next time with the ither lads and lasses." The little maid sobbed as

though her heart would break, and again attempted to pass them; but they prevented her, adding more injurious language; which however I did not listen to, for with a blow which I gave the most insolent, he cleared the way, and measured his length on the ground. On his rising, we fought it out; indeed he had soon enough, and I was attempting to comfort the little lass, who had stood screaming the whole time, when the other said "it was unka hard that I should take the part of sic a young limmer." I was exasperated, and asked how he dared give that appellation to one I chose to protect? His answer increased my rage, and we fell to again, but at last I made him submit. This is the whole, uncle, except that I have
since

since been home with Peggy, whose grandmother bathed my face with some water from the brook."

"Truly, Duncan, I do not blame you. I would ever have you help the weak and unprotected; but who is this young damsel who has occasioned you to give the first proofs of your valour?"

"I protest I know no more of her than that her name is Peggy, and that she lives with her grandmother by the burn-side at the farther end of the village, and is altogether the prettiest little girl I ever saw."

"I hope, Duncan," replied the Colonel with great gravity, "that your humanity would have been equally alive had she been as ugly as you say she is

the contrary." " I certainly should have behaved in the same manner had she been frightful, but I felt the insult double as I ever noticed her from the rest : besides, had you seen her tears, I am sure, uncle, you would have been as angry at the occasion as I felt myself."

Mr. Sommers mingled but little in the foregoing conversation : 'tis certain he had not appeared for some years to hold the ladies in the highest estimation, ever painting them to his pupils as syrens ; but Sommers was arrived at the age of fifty-six, and still a bachelor, which may perhaps account for his ill humour to the sex.

As soon as the Colonel reached home,

he

he ordered some application to Duncan's face, which removed the swelling, but not a large circular black mark which he bore round his eye from the late rencounter.

CHAP. V.

“A maid of beauty rare;
Even Marg’ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.”

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

IT was the Colonel’s custom to walk every evening, accompanied by his nephew: the day after the fight, Duncan pointed out a cottage at the extremity of the village—“There lives Peggy!” said he; “I would we might meet her, for I wish you much to see her.”

“You are no stranger at their cottage, I suppose, Duncan; you shall introduce me.” “Indeed, Sir, I was never there until yesterday. Peggy I have

have often seen coming for milk, but the old woman never before; poor creature, she was in a terrible fright about my face, though I repeatedly assured her that I felt no inconvenience from it. I could scarcely hinder her from scolding poor Peggy; she said you would never forgive my being hurt; and, were she to see you now, I truly believe would be half dead with the fright."

"Well, then, Duncan, go in first; tell them I am not angry, but only curious to see the lass of whom you have stepped forth the declared champion."

Duncan obeyed, and, quickening his pace, entered the cottage. The old woman and Peggy were spinning, the latter

latter singing an old ballad in a voice of such mournful melody, as struck at once upon the heart, and forced a tear to the remembrance of heroes long mouldered in the dust. At the sight of Duncan she instantly ceased, and jumped up to meet him ; but drawing back exclaimed, “ Ey ! Lord ! I wad I had been sick at hame before you had gotten sic an ene on my account.”— “ Hush, Peggy !” interrupted Duncan ; “ my uncle is coming. Do not be alarmed, Jannet,” addressing the old woman ; “ he is much pleased I took your Peggy’s part.”—He had time to add no more, for the Colonel entered. In spite of Duncan’s assurances, Jannet could not believe but the Colonel came to chide her, and, falling on her knees,

knees, entreated his pardon for what had happened. The Colonel insisted on her rising, assuring her that he was not displeased, with an air and smile that might have banished fear even in the hour of danger; the goodness of his heart was always conspicuous on his features, but shone with double resplendence when he smiled.—He observed Peggy:—beauty is prepossessing; no wonder then he found himself pleased with her, who might with justice have been called the favourite work of nature. Though she had not reached her eleventh year, she might easily have passed for fourteen: her complexion was fair to admiration; her nose aquiline; her eyes, though
blue,

blue, sparkling and commanding ; her cheeks, which were usually of the lightest tints of the rose, had now a deeper glow, occasioned by standing in the presence of a stranger, while a number of dimples displayed themselves whenever she opened her vermillion lips ; bright auburn locks in wanton luxuriant ringlets hung to the bottom of her fine formed waist, which was inclosed in a white cotton jacket, that plainly shewed the advantage of nature and ease against custom and French stays ; a short tartan plaid petticoat completed her humble accoutrements ; and though thus equipped, she was a figure that nature might have owned with triumph, and laborious

rious fashion have striven in vain to imitate.

“What is your name, fair maiden?” said the Colonel gazing intently on her. “Peggy Grant, sae please ye,” replied she. “Well, Peggy, and what is the reason you do not come with the other girls for milk?”

Peggy blushed yet more deeply than before, and remained silent. “I never sent the bairn,” replied Jannet, “till lately, I ha’ been unka sick, or used to go mysell; for, the blessing of Heaven light on ye! the milk we receive from your bounty is the greatest part of our food, and had she nae fetched it we could nae have existed; the dear lass does naego out to play, which makes
the

the lads and lassies jeer her, and ca' her a dorty pet ; but nae wonder—auld wives and unprotected lassies are always flouted at by knaves and fools."

"Are ye of the highlands?" said the Colonel with a smile.

"No!" answered Jannet. "I formerly kept house within three miles of Edinburgh; but I lost my brae lad, my only Son Allan, near eight years since, and I could nae manage without him, and must surely ha' funken under my sorrow, had I not striven against it for the sake of Peggy: Ah! Heaven sent her for my comfort—My merciless creditors took a', and I determined to come hither as this wee house was my ain, left me by my gued-man,

man, whose father was a servant to your honour's uncle Kenneth, and served under him in the wars.

" 'Tis now seven years since we travelled all the way hither from Edinburgh on foot : ey, it was a lang and wearisome journey ; but God gave us strength, fae we did nae repine."

" Is Peggy's mother likewise dead ?" demanded the Colonel. " Ah me !

she saw but the light of ane morn after bringing Peggy into the warld."

" Well, Jannet," said the Colonel,

" you have a strong claim on my assistance, as your father was an old servant of my uncle Kenneth's : I am sorry I did not know your situation before ; but make yourself easy for your future wants—I will think of sending your
grand-

grand-daughter to school, she is a great girl, 'tis pity she should be uneducated ; let her come every day to my housekeeper Mrs. Donald, whom I will desire to instruct her." " I ha' taught the bairn," replied Jannet, " till she can read e'en better than mysell ; and I truly believe that there is ne'er a lass in all the Highlands that kens fae many ancient ballads, and troth she can sing them too." " I am glad to hear that," returned the Colonel. " Come to the castle to-morrow, Peggy, and give us a proof of thy skill."

At the conclusion of this discourse, amidst many curtsies from Peggy, and still more blessings from Jannet, the Colonel and his nephew departed.—
" Indeed, Duncan," said he, " I think

Peggy one of the finest girls I ever saw, but I fancy that face of innocence and timidity covers a proud little heart; however, we will try to have her instructed, that she may earn a livelihood in some decent way hereafter."

Such discourse brought the uncle and nephew home, the latter delighted at having obtained the protection of the Colonel for Peggy, and the former pleased at the satisfaction his nephew expressed for his kindness.

CHAP. VI.

“ May he who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blow,
Protect thee fra’ the driving show’r,
The bitter frost and snaw !”

ROBERT BURNS.

PEGGY, according to the Colonel’s desire, came every day to the castle; he ordered her to be taught to write, and improved in reading :—indeed the task was not difficult; for, joined to a comprehensive genius, she had the most eager desire to learn, nor was her friend Duncan backward in gaining for her all the advantages in his power.

power. She had an excellent voice : Mr. Sommers was a proficient in music, and had taught his pupil, who in his turn became master to Peggy. Mr. Sommers remonstrated, but in vain : the Colonel considered the behavior of Duncan only as laudable ; for as humanity was one of his most marking characteristics, he could not blame it in his nephew, whose kindness to the youthful Peggy he could consider in no other point of view.

Her enchanting simplicity and innocence at length conquered the assumed harshness of Mr. Sommers, for it was really not natural to him ; he gave her some lessons on the harpsichord, and was so delighted with her rapid improvement, that he determined to cor-

rect the rudeness of her education. The Colonel had at first intended to send her to school to Glasgow, but her speedy improvement soon made him think it needless. Mr. Sommers had so well succeeded in his first intention, that he determined to try her with the polite languages, and, to his complete satisfaction, found her mind like a rich soil capable of bringing to perfection whatever was implanted therein.

As these multiplied studies took up nearly the whole of her time, she by insensible degrees became an almost constant resident at the Castle, the Colonel ordering her^d an apartment adjoining Mrs. Donald's, where she far more frequently slept than at her Grandmother's, whose situation by the kindness

kindness of the Colonel was now as comfortable as possible.

Four years passed insensibly, during which period Peggy had been indefatigable in her endeavours for improvement. Behold her then, at near sixteen, not a modern fine lady, but an elegant instructed girl, who gave the promise of an accomplished woman: her manners were now graceful, her language pure; her simplicity, sincerity, and innocence of heart alone remaining. Peggy's education was certainly a very uncommon one: in early life accustomed only to the company of an old woman, whom unassuming virtue prompted to act well, without knowing it praiseworthy: in a more advanced period left entirely to the in-

struction of men of understanding and humanity, but who knew little or nothing of female punctilios : From her grandmother she had learned to spin, and from Mrs. Donald to sew ; but neither the one nor the other knew any thing of modern refinement : thus, as frankness was one of her particular characteristics, what her heart thought, her tongue as freely declared : possessed of a person that at once united the utmost degree of feminine delicacy, and the glow of health, she was neither vapourish, nervous, nor hysterical. As she became accustomed to the Colonel, her timidity intirely wore off : he was often troubled with the gout, and her voice employed in singing or reading beguiled his pains ; no one could

could place his foot so easily on the cushion, and her ear was ever first to catch his commands. On every little holiday, Duncan and Peggy led the dance, to the great dislike of the village lads and lasses; for though the boys some four years before had joined the girls in jeering her pride as they termed it, yet the case was now quite altered; her beauty improved by age, dress, and education, spoke so powerfully to their hearts, that they all envied Duncan's happiness in so charming a partner. The scandal of the girls had however lost none of its former poignancy, but appeared to strengthen with Peggy's charms; often declaring to each other that they wondered what such a bonny lad as the

young laird could see in such a maukin, who every one must allow was much too tall, and though she had a tolerable fine shape, yet they had no doubt that before long it would lose its taper proportion. Though these ideas were circulated in parties of female friends, yet did the whisper never reach the castle; for they dreaded the anger of the Colonel, who, had he heard a tale of scandal, would have caused it to be traced to its author, whom he would have punished with his displeasure.

CHAP. VII.

“ His towir that us’d with torches bleise,
To shyne sae far at nicht,
Seemd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel fair he ficht.”

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THUS all was peace and harmony at the castle, until the general happiness was broken by the Colonel being seized with a violent fever of the most dangerous kind; Duncan was inconsolable, and Peggy fixed by the bed of sickness, regardless of fatigue or repeated nightly watchings. Duncan’s entreaties, who never quitted his uncle’s apartment, were vain : she pe-

D 4 remptorily

remptorily refused to leave him. " 'Tis true," said she, " I cannot boast of the right you have to attend him, but if love could constitute relationship, who so near a-kin as Peggy ?" For a fortnight the fever raged with the utmost violence, about the expiration of which it rather abated, and gave some feeble hope to the physicians. Mr. Sommers, who had likewise constantly attended the Colonel, now found himself overpowered with fatigue, and was obliged to retire. Duncan had before entreated, he now insisted on Peggy leaving him ; her pallid looks plainly portraying, that, though her inclination might continue, her strength would soon fail : with some difficulty he at length prevailed

vailed, by giving a promise, that on her return he would retire to rest.

Some time after Peggy quitted the apartment, the Colonel, who had been many days totally deprived of his understanding, gave signs of returning sense; he at length observed Duncan sitting silent and sad by his side.

“My dear boy,” said he, “the last object I remember was yourself sitting in that same attitude and same spot, how long have you continued there?”

“Not long, sir,” replied he; though to say the truth he had known no other apartment since the danger of his uncle. “Your eyes look heavy, my child,” said the Colonel; “and I find myself much better. I pray you this night retire to rest—no reply, Duncan,

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I insist on being obeyed." Duncan with reluctance left his uncle and retired to his chamber, and the Colonel, after taking some refreshment, composed himself to sleep. The morn had scarce begun to break, when he awakened with recruited spirits. As well as his weakness would permit he raised himself in bed : two attendants, weary with watching, had involuntarily fallen asleep : the good man viewed them with a smile of benignity, " Poor creatures," said he, " sleep on ; no doubt but I have fatigued you greatly." Thus saying, he composed himself, returning thanks to heaven for the change he had experienced.

The gentle turning the lock of his chamber door disturbed his devotion ;

he

he was surprised to find so early a visitant was Peggy, who with cautious step stole into the apartment, which was only enlightened by the glimmer of a lamp. She looked at the sleeping servants, and softly ejaculated "How can they sleep!" approaching the place where Duncan usually sat, she next missed him, which occasioned fresh matter of wonder; for Duncan had ordered that Peggy should not be disturbed even with the joyful tidings of the favourable turn of his uncle's disorder, well knowing that her first care would be to visit him when she awoke.

She approached the bed, the Colonel's eyes were half closed, she had no idea that his delirium had left him,

and taking his hand which lay on the outside of the bed she bathed it with her tears, then pressing it to her lips she gently raised the clothes and covered it.

It was with the utmost difficulty that the Colonel constrained himself not to speak during this scene; for Peggy had no sooner covered his hand, than, again cautiously looking to see if the servants slept, which the hardness of their breathing convinced her they did, she knelt down, and by her raised eye convinced the Colonel she was making application to that Power whose ear is ever open to the call of innocence. At length she rose and was advancing to wake the servants, when the Colonel prevented

prevented her by saying, "Your prayers are heard, Peggy; I am much better, and trust I shall live to requite your virtue and gratitude."

She turned hastily with a look of mingled astonishment and pleasure, seeming to doubt the reality of what she heard; but the good Colonel's repeated assurances convinced her of his return to reason, and gave the flattering hope of his recovery. Her heart was too full to suffer her to be eloquent, and, hastily waking the servants, she retired to another apartment, where with heart-felt gratitude she offered a tribute of thankfulness to the father of mercy which is ever acceptable—the unadorned sacrifice of a virtuous heart.

CHAP. VIII.

“ Last night I met him on a bawlk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake
That set my heart a-glowing.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

PEGGY's happiness was of short duration ; for, though the Colonel's health daily increased, her friend Duncan had caught the fever, which made the havoc usual in strong constitution. As soon as the Colonel could quit his own chamber, he was seldom from his nephew's, with whom he was ever sure to find Mr. Sommers and Peggy.

The Colonel remonstrated that he
much

much feared she would next catch the infection, and gently advised her not to come into the apartment. "Ah do not order me not to come!" said she, bursting into tears; "indeed it would break my heart. Could I harbour a selfish idea, when either of you are in danger, I were not fit to live; beside, he is pleased with my attendance, for last night he would not take his medicines, until I entreated him, and he said he would always take them from me." The Colonel's heart, as well as that of Peggy, was the seat of innocence: "Give him then his medicines, child," said he; "and Heaven preserve thee from the contagion." The Colonel, who possessed universal philanthropy,

lanthropy, was not aware there are more dangerous contagions than fevers ; and had Duncan said, " Give me my medicines because I love thee," she would as certainly, in the innocence of her heart, have repeated it, and the Colonel, judging by the goodness of his own, would as certainly have believed it and never thought of consequences.

The strength of Duncan's constitution at length got the better of the fever, and the Colonel's illness gave way to a smart fit of the gout. The behaviour of Peggy had more than ever attached the Colonel to her, she was now perpetually at the castle, breakfasted and dined with her benefactor, the lively unaffected innocence of her
manner

manner amused him, he was fond of singing, and the beautiful Scottish airs lost no music by her voice.

Peace and health restored at the castle, Peggy every evening visited her grandmother; for neither the charms of her situation, nor the gentility of her dress, could make her regardless of the duty she owed her, ever finding an hundred little domestic cares to employ her, when she went to the cottage, though the bounty of the Colonel had supplied the loss of Peggy to Jannet by enabling her to keep a girl of the same age to attend on her.

One night being later than usual, Duncan formed some excuse to his uncle, who was confined by the gout,
and

and went to meet her : about the midway from the castle, he met the object of his search, and mutually pleased with the rencounter they proceeded homewards. On passing the little gate where Duncan fought for her, she said, “ I never pass this gate without a palpitation of heart, a kind of mixture of pleasure and pain. What obligations do I owe you ! but for you, I had been untaught, and never known the blessings of education, or experienced the benevolence of the Colonel.” “ It was a morning I shall ever think of with pleasure” returned he. “ May I be thy protector through life, Peggy ! it would be a post of delight, and executed with rapture.” Duncan had awakened a thought in
Peggy’s

Peggy's bosom that never found place there before; "Through life!" repeated she: "Alas! Heaven knows how it may dispose of me, should the Almighty take the Colonel, and you be married to some fine lady, that would not accept the services of poor Peggy." "Heaven will for both our sakes, I hope, long spare my uncle," said Duncan, taking Peggy's hand: "but for the fine lady, if ever I marry, be assured, Peggy, it will be one that will require thy services."

Peggy sighed involuntarily.—

"Why that sigh?"

"Did I sigh?"—how different it will be;—you must not come to meet me then (another sigh); though, if I live, I will love her for your sake."

“ So thou shalt Peggy, and I will love her for thine.”

The conversation had certainly not concluded here, had they not perceived a chaise and four at the gate of the castle, which Duncan, though at some distance, knew to be his grandfather's; they therefore hastened home, Duncan with a declaration between his lips, and Peggy with a confused idea of time to come, the Colonel, Duncan, matrimony, &c. &c. which not knowing how to account for, she told Mrs. Donald she felt herself but indifferent, and immediately retired to rest.

Peggy had been in bed some time, when Mrs. Donald called in to ask whether she found herself better. “ I really

really know not what ails me” replied Peggy, “but I cannot sleep, yet I have no particular pain. If I chance to dose, the Colonel and Mr. Duncan swim before me: first I dreamed they chid me, and waked with weeping; hardly was I composed to sleep again, when I thought they were uncommonly kind; and, Duncan taking my hand to lead me to his uncle, I awoke with pleasure.”

Mrs. Donald changed the discourse, by informing her that Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were come to stay for some days at the castle. Peggy, who had never seen that lady, asked some questions concerning her: “Why she is one of the proudest women in all Scotland,”

Scotland," replied Mrs. Donald; "valuing herself very highly on her family, which she traces to our ancient kings. I am sure our good master is not fond of her, which makes them visit so seldom." After this discourse Mrs. Donald bade Peggy good night; whose spirits being before exhausted, she soon fell asleep.

CHAP. IX.

"Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death."

HOMER.

IN the morning, Peggy, who was usually first in the breakfast parlour, remained with Mrs. Donald; she did not like the account of Mrs. Campbell, and determined not to take the usual liberty, unless the Colonel sent for her. Indeed that gentleman was no sooner seated at table, than he ordered the attendant to tell Peggy breakfast was ready. Mrs. Campbell gave an inquisitive stare at her husband: but he, knowing as little of the matter

matter as herself, could only resolve her by asking, "Who is Peggy, brother?" "A young woman for whom I have a particular esteem," returned the Colonel, "though only the daughter of a cottager; but as her manners and person might honour any rank, I have not apologised for introducing her, as I am certain you must be pleased with her." As it did not suit the policy of Mrs. Campbell to dissent from her brother-in-law, she stifled her pride at this explanation, and an awkward silence took place, which however was soon broken by the entrance of Peggy, who, after a timid but graceful curtsy, seated herself by the Colonel's desire, and made tea. To paint the astonishment

astonishment of Mrs. Campbell, is impossible; the manners and person of Peggy had absolutely struck her dumb: but breakfast was no sooner over, than slightly apologising to the Colonel, she proposed a walk to her husband and grandson. They had no sooner reached the door, than the storm found way, "Well, well! surely I am the first of my family that was ever so insulted! for you, degenerate boy, who could for a length of time sit at table with a beggar, you partake not of my blood; but prepare to return home immediately, or I renounce you for ever."

Mr. Campbell was no more pleased with Peggy, than his wife, not that he feared so greatly disgracing his

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blood;

blood; he rather trembled for his pocket; the Colonel was possessed of a prodigious sum of ready money, left by his Uncle Kenneth, which he might bequeath to whom he pleased, and should Duncan be taken away, might be so offended as to bestow it on some one else. Mr. Campbell therefore attempted to sooth his lady, but in vain, until at length weary with the dispute, he cried peevishly, "Well, let us take Duncan home, my brother has sixty thousand pounds, which he may bestow on this girl, and that will ennoble her more than all the blood of the Malcolms."—" 'Tis false, degenerate man!" exclaimed she, "money is but dross compared to the blood that fills my veins;

veins ; your family by frequently mixing with lowland, nay sometimes English puddle, is greatly contaminated, or your brother had not seated me by a vagabond wench, nor your grandson, with the air of an humble dependant, assisted, or rather waited on, her at the tea-table."

Duncan, during the whole of this discourse had remained silent, for though he would not have feared the arm of any descendant of Malcolm, he had a particular aversion to the tongue ; nay, so much did he derogate from that noble stock, that he would willingly have foregone all advantage of royal blood, to have seen his grandmother gentle, humane, and compassionate as Peggy.

The sight of the Colonel at some little distance advancing towards them, put a stop to Mrs. Campbell's tongue, for though she pretended to hold riches in the highest contempt, yet she well knew the efficacy of gold, and inwardly paid all due deference to that bewitching metal, well acquainted that the world in general would never have the assurance to question a man worth sixty thousand pounds concerning the rank or name of his ancestors.

CHAP. X.

“ —— the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters :
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him
down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.”

HOME,

ON our company's return from their walk, Mr. Campbell took an opportunity to speak to his lady alone, in which discourse he clearly pointed out the folly of quarrelling with the Colonel, who, he assured her, would neither heed her family or anger, but doubly protect the object of her scorn, should she suffer that passion to be

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discern-

discernable; he therefore advised her to think of some other means of detaching him from Peggy, as offering to place her with her daughter Lady Beugle, as a more reputable situation for a young woman than the castle, where the society was intirely composed of men. Though the lady had no inclination to adopt this scheme, yet she thought it for her own interest preferable to Peggy's present situation.

Peggy was young and handsome, Duncan young and susceptible, and she conceived the horrid idea that, in some hour of folly, Duncan might be in love, his uncle compassionate, and she find herself grandmother to one she despised, and her noble blood contaminated beyond redress.

After

After dinner, Peggy being withdrawn, the lady prefaced her discourse by observing, that she expected a visit from Lady Beugle's daughters, "and I have been thinking," continued she, "if you approve, to desire Lady Beugle to take on her the protection of the young woman you have here, for as her person is pretty, in such a situation she may gain an advantageous match; and, pardon me brother, her dwelling in your house without the countenance of a lady, as you make her your companion, is a very awkward one for a modest young woman."

"Truly," replied the Colonel smiling, "I dare swear Peggy is too *really* modest ever to have found it so, and,

as to husband-hunting, I mean to put her above a legal prostitution. My will was made before I knew her, by neglect it has not been altered—but should I die, remember, Duncan, Peggy must be put above being insulted by pride, or wounded by pity.”

Mr. Campbell bit his lip with anger: contention with his brother he well knew was useless, and therefore remained silent, while his lady did the same, though almost bursting with restrained pride and vexation. But Duncan, with an emotion which he could not repress, caught hold of his uncle's hand, exclaiming, “ ’Tis you, sir, must place the amiable girl above both; the favour from yourself would double the obligation. Delay not then,

then, my dear uncle ; your fortune and even your affection, I am content to share with Peggy !”

The energy of speech, the involuntary emotion, surprised even the Colonel. Duncan felt it, was vexed at his own warmth, gave a hem, and tried to speak again—faltered—gave another hem—played with the seals of his watch, and remained silent. “By no means,” said the Colonel, finding Duncan did not speak, “do I mean to make Peggy equal with you ; five thousand pounds will keep her happy in a single state, or set her on an equality with the man to whom she may give her hand. As by my means she has received an education, it is a duty incumbent on me to pro-

vide for her, or the instruction, instead of a blessing, would be a curse ; it would only have been cultivating her understanding to make her the more keenly sensible of the stings of poverty and dependance. I certainly once meant only to have given her about a fourth of the sum before-mentioned, but her behaviour during my illness, and indeed her general conduct, have gained her so warm an interest in my heart, that I am determined to give her a decent competency."

The blood of the Malcolms had, during the above dialogue, rushed with double velocity through the veins of the lady, who, unable to bear more in silence, hastily rose and quitted the apartment.

Whether

Whether the Colonel saw the disorder of his sister-in-law we know not, but changing the discourse, he said, "I have for some time, brother, wished to have your opinion respecting Duncan; he is now in his twentieth year, the nation involved in war, and shall the youthful arm of a Campbell hang idle? I read your looks brother, you fear for your now only son; is he not also mine? as tenderly beloved as James?"

"Pardon me," returned Mr. Campbell, "you know we were ever of different opinions in these respects; your fortune is more than sufficient, and I see no occasion to seek "that bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth."

“ And your opinion, Duncan,” replied the Colonel, “ accords it with your grandfather’s ?” “ No, on my soul, sir, let me serve my country ; let me live or let me die with honour !”

“ My son, my son !” exclaimed the Colonel, falling on his neck, “ methinks I again see my James ! would to God I could accompany thee, then would we have been gone long since. But fie on these gouty limbs : yet once this hand,” clapping it, though enveloped with flannel, on his hanger, “ yes, this hand, Duncan, tore down the standard of rebellion even in the midst of its adherents, and erected that of religion and liberty ! Then shall these walls hereafter know a master
5 nursed

nursed in sloth? no, thou art indeed my son, and worthy the name thou bearest."

"You know, brother," returned Mr. Campbell, "that we have now no other male, which makes me apprehensive for Duncan." "Better then we sink at once, than our Highlanders hereafter point and say, See the last of Campbell's line, who never bled to serve his country, nor heard a cannon roar." "Never shall that be said of me," interrupted Duncan, the blood mantling in his cheek, "hasten my departure, my dear sir, and your nephew will not return with sullied honour!" "I dare be sworn thou wilt not; thy valour, Duncan, will grace my old age, and give to my frigid
veins

veins the fire of youth, while unmindful of the lapse of time, I shall glide smoothly to the grave, blessing Heaven for such a successor."

Mr. Campbell, finding he could bring neither brother nor grandson into his prudential ideas, wisely gave up the dispute, and retired to seek his lady, leaving the warriors to settle their future plan of operations.

CHAP. XI.

"My country's foes must witness who I am."

HOME.

WHILE the Colonel and his nephew were employed as we have seen in the foregoing chapter, Peggy had been to Jannet's cottage, where she found a stranger in company with her grandmother, "My dear bairn," said the old woman, "I hae just received the sad news that my sister, who lives in the Isle of Sky, has been long sick, and has a muckle desire to see me ance mair, and as thou art at the gude
Colonel's

lonel's, I e'en think I'll gang. This lad whom thou see'st is my sifter's son, and will take care of me, so thou wilt be sure of my safety." Peggy was rather unwilling for her grandmother to go, as she was much in years ; but the old woman appeared so desirous, that at length she forebore to dissuade, only drawing her aside from the stranger, she kissed her tenderly, entreated her to take care of her health, and insisted on her having her purse, which the Colonel had replenished two days before. The old woman strenuously refused, affirming that she had saved enough from the Colonel's bounty to make any such supply needless. Peggy entreated, but in vain, when
turning

turning her head, in the height of the argument, she perceived her friend Duncan, who had entered the cottage. Peggy complained of her grandmother's obstinacy, and appealed for Duncan's opinion, who taking the old woman's hand, said, "Jannet, I am going abroad, and perhaps it may be some time before we meet again, I must therefore entreat you to keep this purse for my sake," taking one from his pocket, and presenting it to Jannet. The old woman took the purse with a blessing on him, and, emptying it, would fain have returned the gold, but Duncan so peremptorily insisted on her keeping it, that at length she was obliged to acquiesce.

Jannet

Jannet now bid them farewell, promising to return speedily, and Duncan and Peggy bent their steps homeward. "What did you mean," said the latter, "when you told my grandmother that you were going abroad?" "I meant, my dear girl!" replied he, "that my best friend, the Colonel, will procure me a commission, and I shall soon go to Germany."

"Good Heaven! surely not to the war?"—"Yes, to the war, Peggy! my uncle loves me too well to wish me to lead an inactive life." "I am sure," replied Peggy, with great innocence raising her fine eyes, a tear trembling in each, to Duncan's face, "if he loved you half as well as I do,
he

he would not let you go."—Shocking as it may appear to the prudish part of the sex, I must truly affirm she made this bold declaration without blushing; nay more, just at that instant she perhaps forgot the difference fortune had placed between them, and only thought of Duncan as of a fondly beloved brother, for whose safety she could have sacrificed her life.

Whether Duncan's affection was quite brotherly, we shall not determine; but certain it is, the words and raised eye of Peggy had thrown him off his guard, for pressing her in his arms, he exclaimed, "May my arm fail me in the hour of danger, if ever I forget thy worth and beauty!"

Though Peggy's heart was as innocent

cent as that of our first mother before she met the serpent, yet the warmth of Duncan's embrace alarmed her; it was too much for friendship to allow, and deep blushes covering her face and neck, she burst into tears. "Ah Peggy!" said Duncan, "why those tears? did not you own that you loved me? and shall I not return the charming obligation?" "'Tis true," replied Peggy, her eyes fixed on the ground, "that I did say so, and only spoke as my heart prompted; for how can I help it, when I owe you every thing?" "Listen then, my sweet timid girl, my heart assures me I shall return from Germany with honour. The Colonel loves you, and will not then refuse his sanction to make me happy, which I can

I can never be unless I can call you mine for ever! you, surely Peggy, will not be unkind enough to refuse the companion of your youth?"

"Good God! refuse you! If the Colonel—but what do I say?—alas! you forget I am a poor girl."—"The riches of the world equals not your worth, and, unless you share them, I care not who has my part."

This discourse brought them home : Duncan in love with all the fervor of twenty; and Peggy, pale, trembling, and ashamed. On their arrival, Peggy retired to her own apartment, and Duncan joined the company in the parlour; the greater part of whom had a half guess where he had been, or at least how accompanied, and bestowed

no very favourable glances on him. The discourse of the morning was renewed, when Mrs. Campbell, contrary to expectation, approved of Duncan's departure ; saying, that she was glad the Colonel had thought of it, as it was better he should fall than disgrace his family. The Colonel applauded her heroism, as he believed it; but a crimson blush, which swiftly passed over Duncan's cheek, might have discovered, to a discerning eye, that he understood her meaning differently.

The entrance of supper prevented more ; Peggy as usual attended. Mrs. Campbell was uncommonly condescending ; talking to Peggy, whom she had not before spoken to, informing
ing

ing her of her gracious intention of recommending her to Lady Beugle. Peggy stole a look at the Colonel; it was a look of sorrow, a look of entreaty, and spoke at once to the heart of the person to whom it was directed. "My dear girl," said he, "this is by no means a settled matter, nor ever will take place, unless I think it for your advantage: your company would beguile the absence of Duncan; which, I must truly confess, I shall heavily feel, as will also my friend Sommers. A game of chess, and one of thy grandmother's mournful ditties, will now be our only winter evenings amusements."

Mr. Sommers had often endeavoured to dissuade the Colonel from sending
ing

ing his nephew to join the army ; but as all such persuasions were vain, he had entirely given up the attempt. The discourse now turned on the preparations for Duncan's departure, and Peggy's own sorrows were all lost in her apprehensions for his safety. The Colonel wrote that very evening concerning a commission for his nephew ; which he had no doubt of speedily obtaining, as he had powerful friends. Duncan was to make some trifling stay in London, and then proceed to the seat of war.

In eight days after the foregoing settlement, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left the castle, though not without a long lecture to Duncan, about disgracing of families, noble blood, up-
start

start beggars, &c. &c. &c.—to all of which Duncan answered with monosyllables; being predetermined, with the obstinacy of the noble blood he possessed, to act as his heart directed, as soon as he could find occasion,

C H A P. XII.

“ The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,
A simple heart, a single ee,
A true and constant tongue.”

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

PEGGY had vainly imagined that she should regain her tranquillity on the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell ; attributing the conscious confusion and uneasiness she found in herself to the disagreeable *hauteur* of that lady : but the idea was vain, she was still dull and inattentive ; and if by chance her hand touched that of Duncan, her face was covered with blushes.

Some

Some days after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Duncan found an opportunity to meet her alone in the drawing-room : “ What have I done, my dear Peggy ?” said he : “ you no longer treat me with that charming freedom you were accustomed to ; in what have I offended you ? The proposal I made the other evening perhaps meets your disapprobation, and you wish me to cease to love you ; else why draw back your hand ? why endeavour to shun me ? unkind, cruel Peggy !” “ Ah ! do not chide me !” said she, bursting into tears ; “ ’tis you who are cruel to upbraid me, when you know I could not live under your displeasure ; but, alas ! when I think of your situation, on the point of joining the

army, to be perhaps deprived of you for ever; and when I revolve on my own, can I be otherwise than sorrowful?" "I shall return safe, I doubt not, my dear girl! and will then claim the only reward precious to my heart; in the mean time do not forget me, Peggy! For here I swear, no time or chance shall ever make you less dear to me than at this moment!"

As he uttered these words, the Colonel entered hastily with a letter in his hand. He had just received the commission for his nephew, and was coming to impart the welcome news; but entering precipitately, he heard the latter part of Duncan's promise. Unsuspecting as he naturally was, this was too plain to be mistaken; especially

as Duncan's arm was round Peggy's waist, she in tears, and both in confusion.

After a moment's pause—"Go to your own apartment, Peggy!" said the Colonel with great gravity. "For you, Duncan, I have business."—Peggy did not wait for a second command, but instantly withdrew.

The Colonel remained for some moments silent; but Duncan not attempting to speak, at length he said, "This is the first time, Duncan, that I was ever seriously displeased with you: myself though am blameable, I should have considered you were young, and Peggy handsome; but I thought you had too much honour to

wish to seduce a girl that enjoyed my protection—or rather, such an idea never entered my mind.”

“Good Heaven! my dear uncle! I wish to seduce Peggy? Do not think me such a villain:—I have too much honour to conceal my fault, if it be one, with a falsehood; therefore candidly confess I love her dearer than life, but never harboured a thought inconsistent with her virtue.”

“You love Peggy! Well, Sir, the freedom of that confession must force me to believe you speak truth, when you aver you have no views on her virtue.—But how can you answer to your honour telling a girl in her humble situation you love her; one
that

that owes the little she possesses to your family; nay, to yourself?—Fie! fie! you put too dangerous a tax on her gratitude, and into what errors may it not lead both!—But, Sir, this boyish folly must be forgot; your commission is come: in a week you must quit us. I have myself experienced that war and glory enable us to conquer enervating passions.”

“Be assured, my dear Sir, that your nephew will not disgrace you; but I feel that I never can cease to love Peggy.”—“Peace, Duncan! you intrude too much on my partiality; know that I have loved almost to adoration, yet at little more than your age had fortitude sufficient to refuse the hand of the woman so beloved,

and to give her up for ever.”—Though sixty six winters had passed over the Colonel’s head, he heaved a sigh on the recollection; and giving Duncan the commission, bade him remember the duty of a soldier, and quitted the apartment.

The Colonel immediately went to his library, where he sent for Mr. Sommers; but that gentleman happening not to be at home, he ordered the servant to desire Peggy to come to him. The sentence of death could hardly have been more severely felt than was this command, though it was instantly obeyed. Her face was swelled with weeping, and such apparent dejection in every feature, that had the Colonel been in a severe frame of temper,

temper, which was far from being the case, her appearance would have melted his humane heart to pity. "Peggy! said he with great gentleness, "do not make yourself unhappy; I am not angry, only in future you must not listen to Duncan's solicitations: you are too young to hear protestations of love and nonsense. Men, Peggy, I am sorry to say, do not always hold sacred their promises to women; but it is my fault, I have unwittingly exposed you: Duncan however should have had more honour than to profit by my credulity." "Indeed, indeed, Sir," returned Peggy, the restrained tears bursting forth, "he is not half so blameable as I am, so pray do not be angry with him: he would never

have said any thing to me had it not been my own fault, though I am sure I meant no harm."

"Why, what did you do or say, Peggy, that could subject you to a discourse of love?"—"I said—O pardon me, Sir!—I said, if you loved him half so well as I did, you would not send him to the army, and indeed I only spoke as I thought; but I would never have said it, had I imagined it would cause so much confusion."

Spite of the Colonel's gravity he could not suppress a smile. "Why, Peggy," returned he, "you surely know it is very imprudent for young women to tell men they love them?"

"I know it is, Sir, strange men; but you and Mr. Duncan have ever been

so good to me, that how could I do otherwise than love you? But, pardon me, though I cannot love either of you less, I will keep my affection to myself."

"Well, be a good girl, thy innocence excuses thy fault; but hereafter remember to tincture it with prudence."

The Colonel now bade her dry her tears, and prepare to attend him at dinner, kindly re-affuring her of his friendship, if she acted according to his desires.

The Colonel, on his return to his apartment, met his friend Sommers, to whom he disclosed the whole of what had passed, entreating his advice how to act. "Indeed," replied Mr.

F 6

Sommers,

Sommers, "this is what I have all along feared would happen; it is almost impossible for a young man to be constantly with so fine a girl, without being charmed with her." "True, Sommers," interrupted the Colonel; "but the distance fortune has placed between them, and his having conferred the situation she enjoys, stifled all thoughts of a dishonourable nature in my bosom; for I did not surmise any man would dare insult so innocent a creature, and you know Duncan's addresses can be considered in no other point of view." "He may intend, and she believe them otherwise," replied Mr. Sommers. "I have often observed her behaviour to Duncan, which, directed only by nature, plainly

ly

ly shews her heart : on the most trivial accident happening to him, she trembles and turns pale ; while, on the contrary, if you chance to applaud him, or any praise-worthy action of his meets her knowledge, she dwells upon it with enthusiasm. Time and absence may certainly do much in such young minds ; but I fear you will find this affair rather a difficult one. Duncan was even at an early age struck with her person ; a charm which is now riveted by manners and accomplishments, and her flattering distinction of ever regarding him as the model of all perfection. What I would advise is, to adopt Mrs. Campbell's plan of sending her for some time to London : the gaiety that predominates at Lady Beugle's

Beugles may perhaps effect a change in her heart : as for Duncan I know not what to say, nor what charm can prove strong enough to obliterate the image of such a woman from a susceptible mind. For many years I have almost hated women ; but I know not how, the little fascinating syren has gained even an interest in my frigid bosom ; so that I truly declare to you, if I had a son, and might pick a wife for him among the greatest and fairest of the realm, I would seek no further, but fix my choice on Peggy.” “ Were I not in some measure the slave of fallacious prejudices,” replied the Colonel, “ I might perhaps do the same ; but as it is necessary to regard the world’s opinion, I will certainly break
the

the connection if possible, and therefore adopt your idea of sending her for some months to Lady Beugle's." The entrance of Duncan put an end to the discourse; he appeared overwhelmed with melancholy. "Why, Duncan," said the Colonel, "I fear I have always mistaken your character; the arrival of the commission seems to have infected you with sorrow." "No, on my word, Sir; were it not for the satisfaction that it gives me, I should sink under your anger, and the idea of having drawn your displeasure on Peggy." "If the idea of my displeasure on Peggy affects you, be perfectly at ease; she has only erred through innocence. I fear, Duncan, I cannot make the same excuse for you :

you : however, let it pass : I will this evening relate to you the violence I once did my feelings, nor do I expect a less exertion on your part ; for the present, do not increase the poor girl's agitation by your behaviour. I have given her my advice, and she is coming down to dinner."

The entrance of the dinner, and appearance of Peggy, prevented more. Duncan was melancholy, and Peggy so confused, that the natural good humour of the Colonel obliged him to pass over what had happened, more lightly than he intended. "Peggy," said he after dinner, "I think you have entirely forgot your Scots songs : some time back you used to sing a number of old ditties, and some of them

them pleasing: pr'ythee try if thou canst give us one. I prefer them to all the ridiculous love songs of the present time." Peggy, though her heart was heavy, prepared to obey him; indeed her spirits were better fitted to melancholy ditties than any other. "What shall I sing, Sir?" replied she. "I believe I remember all the songs I learned from my grandmother: I know Hardyknute, Kenneth, Edom O'Gordon, the Braes of Yarrow, the Laird of Ochiltrie, and Duncan," said she, hesitating, "and"—"Stop, Peggy! I think I never heard you sing Duncan; yet I remember the song when I was a boy, so let us have that." The Colonel could not have touched a more tender string,
the

the very name revibrated on her heart;
yet as she had unluckily mentioned it,
she could not avoid singing it; and
therefore began thus:

Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride,
Red anger in his ee?
I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd:
Red anger frights na me.

For I have stude whar honour bad,
Though death trod on his heel;
Mean is the crest that stoops to fear,
Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind;
That through the ha' did sing?
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound,
The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,
Sic shoutings on the wind.
Syne up he started frae his seat,
A thrang of spears behind.

Haste,

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
Anes mair to follow me ;
We'll meet yon shouters by the burn,
I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speids fae fast,
Frac the slaw marching thrang ?
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap,
Then not at peace I trow.
My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
And say these words to you :

Restore again that blooming rose
Your rude hand pluckt awa' ;
Restore again his Mary fair,
Or you shall rue his fa'.

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,]
He struck his forward spear :
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are na wont to fear.

He

He comes na on a wassail rout
O' revel, sport, and play;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew;
Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,——

Here Duncan could not avoid stealing a look at Peggy, so very expressive, that a heart less interested than hers must have felt its full force. She was confused, her lips refused utterance to her words. "What is the matter, Peggy?" said the Colonel; "are you ill?" "No, Sir,—but—but on a sudden I forgot the remainder of the song; I shall however recollect it in an instant—Oh! I remember now!

——Like

—Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped.
Bauld Duncan said, in jeer :
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout
O' revels, sport, and play ;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew ;
Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
Frae hate to love they flew.

He stamp't his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did say :
God strike my faul ! if frae this field
We baith in life shall gae !

He wav'd his hand : the pipers play'd ;
The targets clatter'd round ;
And now between the meeting faes
Was little space of ground.

But

But wha is she that rins fae fast ?

Her feet nae stap they find ;
Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud
Upo' the simmer's wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd afore,
She show'd of lily hue ;
Sae frae the grey mist breaks the sun,
To drink the morning dew.

Alack, my friends, what sight is this ?
O, stap your rage ! she cry'd,
Whar love with honey'd lips should be,
Mak not a breach so wide.

Can then my uncle draw his sword,
My husband's breast to bleed ?
Or can my sweet lord do to him
Sic foul and ruthless deed ?

Bethink you, uncle, of the time
My grey-hair'd father died,
Frae whar your shrill horn struck the wood,
He sent for you with speed.

My

My brother, guard my bairn, he said,
She'll hae nae father soon,
Regard her, Donald, as your ain,
I'll ask nae uther boon.

Would then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it coud'na be?
Or wed me to the man I hate?
Was this his care of me?

Can these brave men, who but of late,
Together chas'd the deer,
Against their comrades bend their bows,
In bluidy hunting here?

She spake, while trickling ran the tear
Her blushing cheek alang;
And silence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcolm furth,
Three-score his years and three;
Yet a' the strength of strongest youth
In sic an eild had he.

Nae

Nae pity was there in his breast,
 For war alane he loo'd ;
 His grey een sparkled at the fight
 Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What ! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
 Bend to a woman's fang ?
 Or can her words our honour quit,
 For sic dishonest wrang ?

For this did a' these warriors come,
 To hear an idle tale ?
 And o'er our death-accustomed arms
 Shall filly tears prevail ?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
 They clash'd their steely fwords ;
 Like the loud waves of Barra's shore,
 There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied,
 O uncle, hear my prayer !
 Heid na that man of bluidy look—
 She had na time for mair :

For

For in the midst anon there came,
A blind unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
And strack her to the heart.

Awhile she stagger'd, fyne she fell,
And Duncan see'd her fa';
Astound he stood, for in his limbs
There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand;
His lips half open, cou'dna speak,
His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
With arms in triumph dight,
Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

“ This ballad is imperfect, sir, the
conclusion is wanting; this is all my
grandmother knew, and I believe
all that is preserved of it.” “ Truly

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G

I would

I would it were complete," replied the Colonel, "for I think it particularly pleasing, and well sung too, Peggy." "Had she not unluckily *forgotten* herself in that verse," said Mr. Sommers, "it had been better; in future, Peggy, sing songs that interest you less." "Indeed, sir," said Peggy very innocently, "I mentioned it without thinking, or I never like to sing it." "Yet some parts of it," said Mr. Sommers, "are very beautiful; as, Mary running to join the warriors—*Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud, upo' the simmer's wind.* Nor is the verse that follows less so; and again, in the twenty-fifth, the simile is particularly happy, *And silence like a heavy cloud, o'er a' the warriors*

riors bang. "What interests me the most," replied Peggy, "is the description of Duncan, on seeing Mary fall; the picture of his astonishment and horror is one of the strongest, I think, I have met with in my narrow reading." "The veteran, destitute of every sentiment but war and violence, is also well described," said the Colonel, "as is the courage of the youthful warrior in his answer to her uncle." "And his love also," said Duncan, "in the eleventh verse, I think inimitably given; and indeed upon the whole, long as it is, I cannot help lamenting that any part of it is wanting."

"It is truly a pity," replied the Colonel; "but I think, Duncan, I

promised you a plain unvarnished tale this afternoon; and though I do not much approve being the hero of my own discourse, yet in this case it must be so."—

Peggy immediately rose, and was about to retire; but the Colonel with great affability desiring her to return, she obeyed, and he began, as will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

" Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes.——"

HOME.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and fourteen I reached my twentieth year; my brother is twelve months younger: at this early age I found myself a free agent, and master of a considerable fortune. Our parents were both dead, and also my uncle Kenneth, who bequeathed me his large property. I therefore entirely relinquished all right to my paternal estate, that of my uncle being sufficient to satisfy one more

avaricious than myself. Some time before his death, he laboured under a complaint, for which the physicians prescribed travelling, and a milder air : by short stages we journeyed to London, intending to go to the southern part of France ; but, alas ! that city was the extent of my uncle's travels ! he expired two days after his arrival there. I sincerely lamented him : he was the friend of my youth, my leader in the paths of honour. In the year one thousand seven hundred and eight, though but just fourteen, I attended him against the French at Oudenard, and afterwards in the woods at Blanglies, and through the subsequent part of the war. Peace being proclaimed in one thousand

thousand seven hundred and thirteen, we returned to our native country ; but some wounds which my uncle had received, and that had been improperly healed, affected his health, and finally put an end to a well-spent honourable life, in somewhat more than a year after our return to Britain. About this time all was rejoicing in London on the accession of George the first ; but a scene of gaiety not according with my then disposition, I determined to return to Scotland. The few domestics who had attended us I sent home by sea, except Sandy Mac Intosh, who accompanied me on horseback.—Sandy was something older than myself, had been a particular favourite of my uncle's, and

appeared so deeply distressed at his death, that I have considered him ever since as having a claim on me beyond the common ties of servitude. The roads at this time were intolerably bad, and we travelled but slowly. One evening that we had made but a short day's journey, we continued our way till late. On crossing a moor near Carlisle, we were struck with the report of pistols at some small distance before us. I instantly set spurs to my horse, nor did honest Sandy need any command to follow, for he reached the spot from whence the sound proceeded as soon as myself. Three villains had attacked a chaise that contained an elderly gentleman and his daughter : two servants who attended had endeavoured
to

to defend them, on whom the ruffians fired, but luckily without effect: I was fortunate enough to wound one pretty severely; upon which the others fled, but were pursued and taken by Sandy and one of the servants. The robbers secured, tied on their horses, and guarded by the domestics, we continued our way in a body to an inn at the first town we came to. Here I received the repeated thanks of Mr. Frazer and his daughter, who were the persons we had assisted: they entreated me to sup with them, and to let us join company for the remainder of the way—a request I felt no inclination to deny. My mind was enervated by sorrow, and Mary Frazer was formed

in Nature's fairest mould.—In short, the lazy ease of peace, and the relaxed state of my heart, inclined me to fall in love.—Mr. Frazer pressed me warmly to accompany him home; and Mary's eyes, methought, told me I should not be an unwelcome guest: I therefore willingly accepted the pleasing invitation.

The time passed swiftly at Frazer's house: the old gentleman was healthy and cheerful: Mary, on the contrary, was often melancholy; but, whether grave or gay, she was equally interesting:—to be brief, I became so deeply enamoured of her, that I seemed only to exist in her presence; nor did I think myself indifferent to her: I confess to you, that love had such influence

influence over my heart, as to make me think of marrying a woman of a religion I had ever been taught to abhor, for Mary was a Roman Catholic: however, I must truly declare, that the difference of our faith often presented itself to my mind; but all doubts vanished when I considered her angelic temper, unassuming virtue, and soft humanity; nor could I wish her otherwise than she was, for no change could have rendered her more perfect. Beside, though my uncle Kenneth was very rigid in his ideas of religion, I had never been able to imbibe them so thoroughly as to think the man my foe, whom education alone had taught to serve God differently from myself. One

day that her father was absent, I took the liberty to offer her my hand and heart, entreating her to consider that my happiness entirely depended on her answer. What was my surprise, to see her burst into tears, and remain silent ! “ Ah, I was mistaken, and vainly flattered myself I possessed some small interest in your heart,” said I ; “ but pardon my presumption, I will endeavour to bear my disappointment, severely as I must feel it ; and may you be blest with the man you love !”

“ Alas !” replied she still weeping, “ you err widely, there is no man dearer to me than——”

“ Whom, my dearest Mary ?”

“ Yourself—except my father : I
am

am not skilled in the language of dissimulation; but hold not my heart less valuable for being yielded thus freely—Yet, alas! I fear—”

“What can you fear, my Mary?” exclaimed I in rapture,

“My father.”

“Your father!” repeated I with astonishment. “I flatter myself he esteems me; my fortune is large—he will not, my love, refuse to sanction my wishes.”

“Alas!” replied she, “he may require what your honour cannot grant.”

“He will ask nothing derogatory to my honour, Mary; and every other point is trifling compared to the possession of you! But tell me,
I conjure

I conjure you, what frightful ideas you encourage?"

She paused a moment.

"Swear to me, then, on your honour, that you will never disclose, to the injury of my father, what I now reveal to you."

I swore—

"Then—then—my father favours that unfortunate exile, Prince James."—

Amazement for some moments stopped my utterance. At length—

"Great God! do I understand aright? Favours the Pretender! that enemy to religion and liberty! Then, Mary, are we indeed implacable foes."

She answered only with tears.

"Yet, thou art no rebel; then let
thy

thy father's fortune go to support rebels; my fortune shall be thy fortune, my friends thy friends, and my king shall be thy king."

"Never," replied she, "will I abandon my father. I do not blush, Campbell, to confess that I wish the same ideas influenced you both; or rather, that born in humble life, regardless of the disputes of princes, I might have borne the envied appellation of your wife. But never, dear as that title might be to my heart, would I procure it by an action which must make me despise myself: could I leave my father, I were unworthy you, for a bad daughter is ever a worse wife.—He has discovered your attachment to me, and questioned me
on

on the state of my own heart; I revealed it as openly as I have done to you; on which his only reply was, that would you join the Prince, myself and his fortunes were yours."

"If ever I join the Pretender, may I be cursed of God and man! and may the dirk of the first peasant I meet be plunged in my treacherous heart!"

"Peace, Campbell! I but tell you what my father demands; it is fitting I should also inform you that I would not accept you on those terms, which must infallibly fully your honour; for were you even convinced of the justice of the new cause in which you were engaged, yet the world would not fail to call you an apostate,
and

and attribute the change to your being under the dominion of a passion, which you could not conquer. Believe me, Campbell, I esteem you too much to accept such a sacrifice, which if you were weak enough to grant, I would not only refuse you my hand, but, if possible, erase your image from my heart. We will both act consistently with our situations, and the opinions in which we were bred ; by which means, though unhappy, we shall not cease to esteem each other, though perhaps doomed to be separated for ever."

"And can you, Mary, give me up to despair, and in such a cause? Think a moment ; is it impossible to obtain thee, and preserve my honour?"

nour ?"—“ I fear it is ; yet try my father, he perhaps will not so openly avow his sentiments to you.”

In short, I seized an opportunity of offering myself as son-in-law to Mr. Frazer ; though I must truly own, much as I loved Mary, I did violence to my feelings to ask a favour of her father, whom I could no longer regard with cordiality. He complimented me by saying, that he had so high an opinion of my honour, that he knew no man to whom he would so soon give his daughter, did we not unhappily differ in some political subjects. Then, rather in couched terms, he made the proposal Miss Frazer had mentioned.—I refused it with great heat ; he was not cool :

cool: we therefore parted in mutual disgust. Half distracted, I took a hasty leave of Mary, whom I in vain entreated to put herself under my protection: she peremptorily refused; and the utmost I could obtain was a promise, that should she ever be mistress of herself, and my heart remain as it then was, she would not scruple to accept my offered hand.

C H A P. XIV.

“ And if we fa’, my gallant friends,
We shall na fa’ alane;
Some honest hand shall write our deeds
Upon the tallest stane.”

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

I TOOK the road homeward with a heavy heart, which the joy that my vassals shewed for my return only served to increase : Alas ! I thought, could I have given these honest folks such a soft protectress, myself such a companion, had been the happiest of men ; without her, the world is to me a void, and its riches all superfluous. In this state of mind I had remained some months at Kenneth Castle, with a heart softened by disap-

disappointment, and a sincere wish for war, when I heard a rumour that the Earl of Mar had assembled an army, and proclaimed the Pretender at Aboyne.

On enquiry, I found this report true; and assembling about three hundred loyal highlanders, I joined the Duke of Argyle at Sheriff Muir, where we had a battle with the Earl of Mar, in which the left wing of each army was beaten. On the first onset Mr. Frazer, who had joined the rebels, was wounded, and had lost his life, had I not rescued him; for though I saw him with the antipathy of an enemy, I could not forget he was the father of my beloved Mary.

The rebels being defeated in
Lancashire,

Lancashire, they dispersed ; and the Chevalier, who had landed at Peterhead, thought fit to re-embark with the Earl of Mar and several others concerned in the same cause ; among whom was Mr. Frazer, whose daughter accompanied him in his exile. Some few days before the battle at Sheriff Muir, I accidentally renewed my acquaintance with an old officer named Ross, whom I had formerly known in Germany ; his son was now with him, a youth of nineteen ; the lad fought during the battle, with great bravery, by the side of his father, who unfortunately being wounded, the intrepid youth attempted to bear him from the scene of action. But, alas ! the broad sword of a rebel struck his
right

right arm in the pious office, and nearly severed it, and the father and son sunk together on the earth. I was lucky enough to come up just at the moment, or the unfortunate pair had been trampled to death; and instantly gave charge of them to some of my men, who bore them from the field. On the close of day I went to visit the wounded pair; my men had carried them to a little hut, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle: I was shocked to find them so miserably accommodated, both being in one apartment, and without the necessary requisites in their melancholy situation. I soon procured them better bedding and assistance; the old man commanded my veneration,

tion, and the bravery of the young one demanded my friendship ; and I already determined in my own bosom, that should they survive, as they were both disabled, to spare no pains to persuade them to make Kenneth Castle their future dwelling.

The son was perpetually thanking me for the care of his father, while the parent's lips opened but to bless me for my attention to the son, each appearing to forget his own sufferings in his fear for the other. For about a week their wounds were in a state of uncertainty, but at that period grew alarmingly worse. One morning, when I paid my usual visit, the surgeon had just informed the lieutenant of his danger. " I feel not

for myself," said the veteran; "I could not die in a nobler cause—How much to be preferred my fate, to that of lingering whole months in agony and disease!—Had it pleased Heaven to have spared my son, to protect my friendless girl—but I submit—the will of God be done!"—Tears of paternal care gushed from his eyes; though a soldier, Duncan, I do not blush to say, mine flowed equally fast.—
"Lieutenant," said I, "is there any thing in my power? If there is, command me freely."—He looked at me a moment in silence, a smile enlivening his pallid features—"Though you are young, I know you honourable—dare I ask—will you protect my Jemima?" "By my soul I will!"

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H

returned

returned I ; “ your daughter shall be my sister, and her honour dear as my own.” “ Alas !” continued he, “ she is poor and friendless, I have no fortune to bequeath, virtue is her only dower.” “ The sister of James Campbell,” returned I, “ needs no other ; I have promised to hold her as such, and Heaven prosper me as I keep my word!”—“ Enough,” replied the veteran, “ I doubt you not ; you have spoken comfort to my almost parting spirit, I shall no longer look forward to the hour of my dissolution with sorrow ; my soul will now joyfully throw off this mortal coil, and join the faint-like companion which Heaven granted me on earth—My boy too, who bled and
fell

fell to save his father! together shall we reap the reward of our labours, in that country where honour and preferment come not by interest—The blessing of an old soldier 'light on you! so may I truly name myself, for out of sixty years, forty-five have I spent in the service of my country, though I die a lieutenant."—I entreated him not to exhaust his spirits: he interrupted me, saying, "I feel your care, my friend; but, whether my hour come to-day, to-morrow, or the next, is now immaterial; have you not promised to protect my child, to hold her as your sister? Ah, Campbell! the pang of death is nothing, the daughter of my beloved angel is secure, safe by the

honour of a name that knows no blemish."—I should tell you that, during this discourse, young Ross had extended his only hand from the bed, and caught mine ; he opened not his lips, but the sparkle of his before languid eyes, and the pressure from his hand, spoke stronger to my heart than was in the power of words.

I soon after took leave of my wounded friends, and remained absent some time. On my return, I found the Lieutenant supported by two soldiers who waited on them : he had entreated them to procure him pen, ink and paper, and was exerting his utmost efforts to write to his daughter ; but the letter is in my escritoire ; therefore take my keys,
Duncan,

Duncan, you will find a bundle tied together, bring it."

Duncan obeyed, and soon returned with a parcel of letters, out of which the Colonel selected one, and desired his nephew to read it aloud.

"My dear child!"

"Thou knowest that even from thy infancy I have been frequently absent, therefore thou shouldst the less sensibly feel a separation which Heaven itself appoints, a command we must all obey: the longest mortal life is short, and thy father's grey hairs have long been monitors that the hour was hastening forward, when he must mingle with his native dust. Think of the mercy of the Power that spared me from a lingering bed of

H 3 sickness,

sickness, in which every faculty of the soul would have expired before the vital flame had been extinguished ; when thou wouldst have wept over the shadow of a parent, whose features alone proclaimed him such. Neither, my love, dost thou lose him by a sudden death ; the God of Mercy has given time for all. I leave thee not friendless ; the brave Captain Campbell, whose word I doubt not, will protect thee, will be to thee a father, a friend, and brother : yes, a brother, Jemima, an only brother ; for thy Charles, the kind affectionate companion of thy youth, and the dutiful support of my age, is hastening before me ; when thou learn'st by what means, dry thy tears, and bless Hea-

ven

ven that gave thee such a brother, though for a short time the blessing was spared.

“To conform with the customs of the world, I might have wished an older guardian, but I know no man on whose honour I could so safely rely. Remember, Jemima, virtue is thy only dower; and as thou art endowed with some share of beauty, thou must take double heed to thy actions: for though the daughter of a poor Lieutenant, a breath should not fally the sister of such a brother; wounded, mutilated, as he lays before me, how I glory that Heaven gave me such a son!—My hand is feeble, my child, or I have much to say; fain would tenderness steal in and destroy the in-

tion of my writing, I would inspire thee with fortitude, but the soldier is lost in the father.—The blessing of a dying parent be on thee; walk steadfast in the paths of honour, so shalt thou procure happiness for thyself in this world, and bliss in that to come; where I trust, my beloved child, we shall meet to part no more.—Farewell!—bless thee!—bless thee!—farewell!”

HENRY ROSS.”

Duncan concluded, and the Colonel resumed his narrative.

“ The brave Lieutenant lived but three days after writing to his daughter; the letter he gave to me to deliver. May my end be like his! it was the death of a christian, of a man whose

whose life has left no sting behind. "I die, my friend!" said he with firmness. "No fears or mysteries cloud my passage; the power of God speaks in all his works, and I doubt not his mercy to me. In my life if I have erred, it has been through ignorance; and he punishes not weakness, but guilt, from which I trust my heart is clear.—I therefore look forward to death but as the presage of a joyful eternity, a painful dream that will be dispersed and forgot in inexpressible felicity.—My son, droop not in sight of victory; what earthly reward could equal that we are on the point of reaping? May thy passage be smooth as mine! I scarcely feel a pang." Such

was the Lieutenant's discourse the morn before his death ; after which he slept so composedly, for some hours, that I could not but flatter myself he had experienced a change that might restore him to my wishes : but, alas ! towards evening, I too clearly saw his honest brave spirit was hastening to its almighty donor. " Doctor," said he faintly, " 'tis too late to flatter ; how long, think you, may my son have to live ?—fear not, speak !" The surgeon replied, that unless a favourable crisis, he much doubted the ensign's life longer than four days ; but it was impossible to speak decidedly, as youth and constitution might yet enable him to overcome his malady. To this he
made

made no reply; but after some minutes desired to be raised in bed, which being immediately done, in a voice more and more broken, he repeatedly blessed his boy; then turning his already sunken eyes towards me, "Campbell," said he, "accept the dying thanks of an old grateful heart. I need not again recommend my Je-mima to thy care—thou hast promised." "I have sworn, Lieutenant," interrupted I, repeating my oath. "Enough, enough! I am satisfied! am happy!" cried he in a voice hardly articulate, and, bending his head upon my shoulder, expired in my arms.

To describe to you the sorrow of young Ross at the loss of his father, or indeed my own, would be a difficult

task. The death of the brave Lieutenant had awakened every pang anew for my uncle Kenneth. How happy could I have been, to snatch so much honest merit from the rude gripe of poverty, and to have smoothed his passage to the grave, by sharing the cares of a son ! Now all in my power was to perform the last melancholy duties, and fulfil his dying request.

Young Ross grew visibly worse after the death of his father, and, in short, survived him but two days. As I was sitting by him the evening he expired, " I would," said he, " that I had some valuable memento to leave you in token of my gratitude ; but, as that is not in my power, I pray you accept our swords. They have done
good

good service, for that I wore formerly belonged to my father; and, I pray Heaven, if ever you unsheath either in anger, your enemy may find the temper of Rofs's sword, when directed by Campbell's arm."

In fine, Duncan, not to prolong a melancholy story, the brave lad yielded his breath, as his father had done, in my arms.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Duncan, interrupting his uncle; "but are these the swords that now hang in your bed-chamber?" "They are; and as they will probably descend to you, preserve them as carefully as I have done."—"By my honour will I!" replied Duncan, catching hold of the Colonel's hand,

hand, and fixing his eyes on him.

“But, may I, sir?”——

“What wouldst thou say, child?”
replied the Colonel; “what wouldst
thou ask? speak freely!”

“Dare I ask you to give me young
Ross’s sword?”

“Take it, and use it nobly, its
honest plainness only suits a soldier’s
thigh; for I warn thee, Duncan, it
will not suit the present fashion; for
the officers now-a-days so bespangle
their sword hilts, that truly, when I
first saw them, methought they had
hung their mistress’s necklaces to them.
Nay, would you believe that I have
seen a strapping fellow who bore his
Majesty’s commission wear perfumes,
and,

and, to avoid a shower of rain, get into a conveyance called a sedan chair, and be carried by two of his fellow-creatures ?”

“ Upon my word, I should be strongly tempted to upset the vehicle, should I meet with one so incumbered ; but, my dear sir, will you favour us to continue your narrative ?”

“ My presence being no longer necessary, I left the bodies of the worthy pair to the care of Sandy, to be conveyed and placed in our burial vault, by the side of my uncle Kenneth, and with a heavy heart took the way to Inveresk, a small village about eight miles from Edinburgh, where the Lieutenant’s daughter lived, and
whom

whom I reached in four days after their death."

Here the bell announcing the hour of supper, our company adjourned to the saloon, deferring the remainder of the Colonel's recital until next day.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

“ Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty, who so fair as she?”

HOMER.

AFTER supper, Peggy retired to bed, but not to sleep. The occurrences of the day were too strongly imprinted on her memory to permit oblivion to steal on her senses ; every act of past life was ruminated upon : the recollection was not pleasing, for the first time her poverty was lamented—“ Ah !” said she, “ was I rich, I might love Duncan without offence ; yet, poor as I am, I cannot help it, he is so good and amiable. I think the Colonel told me, that men did not
always

always mind what they promised women, but he must know his nephew is a strict observer of truth. Ah! I never knew him tell a falsehood in my life!—yet the Colonel is kind, he knows the world, Duncan may perhaps forget such a poor girl as me, when he goes to the army; or, God forbid! perhaps he may be killed.—Poor young Ross! may his sword be more fortunate to its next possessor!—Ah, Duncan! Duncan! would my bosom was thy breast-plate in the hour of danger, how much less should I feel a wound given to myself, than one to you! Yet I must not, will not, again tell you I love you; though Heaven knows I ever shall until my heart ceases to beat.—Heigh-ho! I could sometimes
almost

almost wish I had never left my grandmother; for though I loved her very sincerely, I was not uneasy, and could sleep sound, though the bed was homely and the sheets coarse."—With such thoughts Peggy passed the greater part of the night, rising in the morning with inflamed eyes and wearied spirits; and though Duncan watched an opportunity the whole day, with the greatest assiduity, to speak to her alone, he found it impossible.

Towards evening the Colonel, at his nephew's request, continued his narrative.

"The second day after young Ross's death, I took the road to Inveresk, my mind overwhelmed with melancholy, and at a loss in what manner to break
my

my sorrowful tale to the Lieutenant's unhappy Jemima, should she yet be uninformed of her double loss. I was however spared that care, rumour had spread the tale : no friendly voice had softened the dire events as they struck on the ear—nay, on the heart of an agonized daughter. She had heard of a wounded father, a mutilated brother, with every aggravating circumstance. On my reaching the house, an old attendant informed me that the unhappy girl was in a state little short of insanity, not having slept for two nights, which was the time since she learned the news.

I had flattered myself that at least I should have been able to conceal the particulars of their death from her knowledge,

knowledge, until time might have blunted the first acuteness of her sorrow ; but, disappointed in that hope, I desired the servant to tell her mistress, a friend of her father's, and who had been honoured with his last commands, entreated to wait on her. She instantly admitted me, meeting me with an eagerness that at once evinced the disorder of her mind. " You came from my father, sir ?" said she ; " I know he is dead, I wept for him, for I loved him ; but since I learned my brother's death, my heart is hardened, and I cannot weep—yet I loved him too. I pray you speak of him : in this room I received my father's and my brother's last embrace ;—in this arm chair my father used to sit—on
that

that flute my brother used to play," shewing me one that lay on the table before her. "No more shall his breath give thee music: Alas! his lips are cold, his joints are stiff. Barbarians! Monsters!" screamed she, "why did you strike his arm?"

The sorrow of this unhappy girl distressed me beyond measure; nor could I help turning from the sight, exclaiming, "Alas! Lieutenant! how painful is my promise!" "You speak of my father," interrupted she—"he had grey hairs, surely they might have spared him; I thought all the world revered grey hairs."

I entreated her to endeavour to compose her spirits, as when I found her better I had much to say, but that in

her

her present state of mind it was impossible ; that all I could now inform her, was, her father had desired her to consider me as his and her brother's representative ; that I had sworn to regard her as my sister, and protect her through life as such."—" And so I will !" exclaimed she, " if my father commanded it ; but did he not bless me ?" Most fervently," replied I : " Oh ! repeat it ! repeat it !" interrupted she, " repeat his blessing, it will ease my bursting heart ; perhaps it will make me weep, for I wept for my mother until my father and brother kissed off my tears, though their own flowed the while." To increase the distress of Jemima, appeared impossi-

ble; I therefore thought the letter of the Lieutenant might have a salutary effect, and drawing it from my pocket, presented it to her; first making her promise that when she had perused it, she would retire to rest.

This scene was so painful that I left it as soon as possible, and retired to an inn; first sending the best medical assistance I could procure to my unhappy charge.

The agitation and distress her delicate frame had sustained was so extreme, that the next day I found her in a violent fever, which in spite of every aid threatened her life for more than a month, during which I visited her daily, endeavouring, by every

means in my power, to lessen the acuteness of her grief, which was however succeeded by a melancholic languor, that made me for some months apprehensive for her life.

As soon as the fever subsided, as I thought change of situation materially necessary towards establishing her health, I wrote to a lady at Carrybrugh, the widow of my uncle Kenneth's chaplain, entreating her to take Jemima to board with her. I soon received an answer according to my desires, and immediately set out with my charge. I knew no other eligible person but the widow, or could have wished to have placed her nearer Kenneth Castle: how often did I wish Mary Frazer presided there; that, in

the bosom of sympathising friendship, the gentle Jemima might forget her sorrows ! The sale of the Lieutenant's goods, and, in short, all he possessed, did not amount to quite four hundred pounds. Determined to place my charge above dependence, I converted the hundreds to thousands, and totally in her own power. I shall not repeat to you the difficulty I had to persuade Jemima to accept this little proof of friendship ; suffice it, I at length succeeded in making her promise to expend the interest yearly, though she firmly declared she would ever regard the principal as mine.

This business settled, I left her with the widow Ramsay, and returned to Kenneth Castle. The scene I had
lately

lately been engaged in, had so totally employed me, that I had scarcely time to think of myself; but no sooner did I meet ease and idleness at home, than the affection I bore Miss Frazer raged with redoubled fury in my bosom. So true it is, Duncan, that in inactivity alone we have leisure for enervating passions, or at least to carry them to excess; for although in every situation, whether fighting for my country, or employed in the offices of humanity, Mary Frazer was equally dear; yet, it was not the soft effeminate passion that now possessed me: in short, so great was its influence, that I determined to go privately to Paris, and once more endeavour to persuade Miss Frazer to accept me as her husband.

I frequently heard from Jemima, and, being totally unemployed, in six months had been thrice to see her, remaining each time three or four days at Carrybrugh. Some time after my last visit there, I happened to be at a public dinner near it, where, among others, was a nephew of Mr. Frazer's, whom I never saw cordially, as I knew he wished to espouse my beloved Mary; but as we had ever met on terms of civility, it continued the same. After dinner, this villain, for even now I can call him by no other name, gave for a toast Jemima Ross, at the same time winking significantly at the company. I took no time for reflection, but, instantly starting up, insisted on satisfaction for the manner in which he

had

had dared to mention her ; but the company interfering, I at length agreed to defer it until the morning ; at which time, however, Alexander Frazer pretended to have been intoxicated, and to have forgot what had passed, offering to apologize for his behaviour. I was exasperated at his pusillanimity, and yet more at his villany ; for after his departure from the company in the evening, a gentleman present informed me, that he had frequently heard Alexander Frazer mention Jemima Ross, as a girl whom I entertained, but kept at a distance, and visited privately, as I was attached to his cousin Mary : thus then you may well suppose no apology would suffice, as it

instantly struck me, the villanous rumour was invented to injure me with Miss Frazer.

I should have told you, Duncan, that the morning after the insult offered to the character of Miss Ross, I had sent a gentleman, who was present, with a note to Alexander ; it was nearly in these words, which I shall repeat to you, as the poltroon used them for the most infernal purpose :—
“ You have vilified the character of Miss Ross, whose honour is dear as my own, and which I will defend with my life ; you have also invented vile falsehoods of me, for which you are a villain. To save yourself from the stigma of cowardice, name your time
and

and place to the bearer."—To the gentleman who carried this note, he made every despicable submission: however, on his informing him that no apology would be accepted, he returned me this answer:—

“It is impossible I should meet you to-day, as my affairs are in the utmost disorder; some particular business of my uncle Frazer’s also, ’tis necessary I should settle; must therefore entreat you to defer the meeting until to-morrow evening seven o’clock, at which hour I will call for you, and we can retire to a convenient spot.”

Ill as my anger could brook delay, I consented to this, as I well knew there was some truth in what he had advanced, to excuse his immediate at-

tendance : in short, I kept walking about the whole day, and best part of the next, counting the hours until I should revenge Jemima to my complete satisfaction. I had sworn to protect her as my sister, and felt thoroughly inclined to keep my word: perhaps my wrath was heightened, as the offending party had been, nay perhaps yet was, a pretender to Mary Frazer. The wished-for hour of seven at length arrived, without the promised visit from Alexander. I called for my horse, flew to his house, insisted on seeing him, but in vain—the servant assured me he was not at home. Half frantic, I rushed into the house, ran through the apartments, calling him in the most opprobrious terms; but my

9

my search being vain, I turned to the servant, who at length, by the dint of threats, confessed that his master departed in three hours after he received the challenge, but solemnly swore he knew not whither. Never, Duncan, did I suffer so much from passion: I reprobated my own folly, vowing to pursue the villain through the world. I made the most minute inquiries about the country for near a month, but without effect: at length I learned that Frazer had, four days after I wrote to him, embarked on board a vessel in Leith harbour, bound for Cork. I lost no time, but writing a hasty adieu to Jemima, whom I had not seen since the quarrel with Frazer, set off in pursuit of him. I reached Cork in safety,

but to my great disappointment, found my despicable enemy had, almost immediately on his arrival there, taken his passage on board another vessel bound for Dunkirk. I had now no doubt but he was with his uncle and cousin then at Paris; a thought that increased my rage beyond all bounds, and which, added to the fatigue I had undergone, threw me into a delirious fever that detained me two months; and from which that I escaped with life, I believe entirely owing to the indefatigable cares of Sandy.

Illness had not however subdued my rage; for immediately on my recovery I renewed the pursuit, taking my passage to Dunkirk, and from thence hastening to Paris without delay.—

Alas!

Alas! my speed was of no avail: I was too late to prevent the sacrifice of Mary Frazer; for the first news I heard on inquiry was, that Mary, my beloved Mary, had been married a month to her villanous cousin. I rather flew than walked to their hotel. As I was not known to their servants, I had no apprehension of his being denied. I was however informed, that both the Mr. Frasers had been gone for two days into the country, on a hunting party; but that Mary, for I can call her by no other name, was at home. I desired the servant to inform her that a gentleman from Scotland requested to see her; and was instantly admitted. She rose on my entrance; but no sooner had our eyes met, than she

gave a fearful shriek, and sunk senseless on the carpet. I forgot reproaches—I forgot her father was a rebel: I take shame to myself—I forgot she was a wife—I clasped her in my arms—I pressed her to my heart: but recalling her scattered senses, she withdrew herself from my embrace; saying, with an air of wounded dignity, “Is this well done, Campbell? The forfeiture of your vows was little to this insult.” This accusation roused me from my delirium. “And is it possible, Mary,” exclaimed I, “that you are married, and to that villain Frazer? Can you have consigned your faithful Campbell to everlasting misery?” “Faithful!” repeated she, “add not meanness to falsehood, nor think by criminating me,

me, to exculpate yourself: surely the charms of Miss Ross have not lost their influence: you will not, sure, forfeit your vows to her?" "I will not call you unkind, Mary—I will suppose you deceived, infatuated, and weak enough to believe the base asseverations of a lying coward; for never could you blame me for protecting an innocent friendless girl; whose father and brother fell at Sheriff Muir, and who, if I had not placed in her safety, must have been thrown an helpless orphan into an unfeeling world. Ah Mary! if you knew her, you would speak comfort to her broken spirit in the softest voice of friendship; you would say, Thou hast lost a father and a brother,

ther, Jemima, but hast found a sister. I have done no more. I swore to her expiring parent to protect her, and hold her honour sacred as my own; and by my soul I will." "I would ask a question," replied Mary, "yet dread an answer: tell me, Are you not married, or at least under an obligation of espousing Miss Rofs?" "No, on my life, nor ever entertained the most distant idea of the kind. I should have been in France some weeks ago, had I not staid to search that villain Frazer, who fled me, and I must think has poured his poison into thy ear; for it is death to think thee deliberately false. How weak my heart! it seeks excuses for thy inconstancy: yet thou

art

art married—lost to me for ever!—
Why, why, have you done this? or
how have I deserved it, Mary?”

“Spare your reproaches, Campbell: if you are not guilty, my own heart will sufficiently revenge you; but if you profess only friendship for Miss Ross, why did you challenge Frazer?”

I related every circumstance; which before I had concluded, she exclaimed, “Enough, Campbell! I have been weak, and am punished. Alas!” continued she weeping, “I ought to blush, when I consider my present situation, to confess how dear you have been to my heart; yet that attachment was once my pride, and to bear the title of your wife my highest ambition.

I was

I was unworthy of it, Campbell; forget me, yet let me not suffer too greatly in your opinion. I was cruelly deceived; I was taught to believe Miss Ross either your mistress or wife; which however I should never have given credit to, had not the challenge you sent Alexander confirmed the idea, though the cause of it was represented very differently. Alexander affirmed, he waited for you two days; but, as he heard no more on the subject, supposed you had changed your mind, and therefore set off for Paris. Thus much, Campbell, I have informed you, in some measure to palliate my falsehood; or, to give it a truer name, my weakness. My father pressed me to marry Frazer, indifferent of what-

ever might befall me : I alone wished to be revenged on you ; alas ! I meant the blow for your heart, it has recoiled upon my own : yet forgive me, Campbell ; and if ever you loved me, or value my life, seek no farther revenge ; leave that to me—I will revenge you both on myself and Alexander.”

“ Seek no revenge, Mary ! by Heaven I’ll have satisfaction, though I were sure of instant death ; nay, though thy life, which is a thousand times dearer than my own, were the forfeit.”—In vain Mary pleaded, I was only the more exasperated. I thought she was fearful for the life of Alexander ; nay, perhaps, that she loved him—an idea that redoubled my fury.

In

In short, I left her in a state of mind not to be described, expecting the return of Alexander with impatience. The servant, on my first inquiry, said his master was expected in the evening. Rage would not permit me to wait at my inn; I therefore kept walking hastily up and down the street where Frazer's hotel stood: towards night, Alexander returned on foot and alone. I took no time for recollection: I gave him none; but seizing him by the collar, "Villain! liar! coward!" exclaimed I, "at length we are met, and by Heaven I will not quit thee until I have satisfaction for thy repeated falsehoods." For a moment he was greatly confused; but recovering his astonishment, he attempted to prevaricate,

varicate, but I would listen to no excuses. He demanded time to engage a second, and prepare pistols : for the first request, as I had none, neither had he any right ; and for the last, as I suspected his dastardly evasions, I was prepared, having two pair, which I declared he might choose. Thus, no alternative left, he was obliged to accompany me, or to have used means that must for ever have branded him publicly as a despicable poltroon. We walked hastily through the street and suburbs until we reached a spot proper for our purpose. I produced my pistols, gave Alexander his choice, and we fired together. Frazer immediately fell, as I thought mortally wounded ; I raised and seated him
against

against a tree, and, having received no hurt myself, hastened away. At a small distance from the spot I met two men, who appeared labourers, and telling them I had left a wounded man in the wood, desired them to go to his assistance, enforcing this request with a present.

I reached my hotel, mounted my horse, which was very fleet, and was at a good distance from Paris before the news of the duel could be known: in short, I spared no speed in reaching Flanders, where I was soon after joined by Sandy, whom I had left behind to learn the event of our meeting. Fraser's wounds, he told me, were very dangerous, but not thought mortal; and my beloved Mary had retired into

a con-

a convent, very much to the dislike of her father. From Bruffels I wrote to Jemima, whom I informed, in as slight a manner as I could, of what had happened, sending Sandy with the letter, also on other business; and soon received the following answer, for he returned as speedily as possible :

“ My dear friend,

“ Why would you rend the already too deeply wounded heart of your dependent Jemima, by venturing a life so precious? Accustomed from my tenderest years to the sound of honour, my heart used to swell with enthusiasm at the name : now, how changed ! the lofty fascinating ideas that accompanied it are cold, and honour never strikes my thoughts unaccompanied by
blood,

blood. Alas! how bitter a requital have you met for your kindness to an unfortunate orphan! Through her you have wandered from your country; lost the woman of your heart; ventured your life on equal stake with a villain's. I cannot bear the retrospection: yet where can I fly to lose the idea? where fly the inquisitive eye or finger of scornful derision, that points to a vilifying world the destroyer of Miss Frazer's happiness, and the reputed mistress of Colonel Campbell? Yes, noble representative of my father and brother, that is the name whispered by the unfeeling multitude; and your generous friendship has robbed the wretched Jemima of the only bequest left by her unfortunate parent. Forgive me, my much-honoured

honoured friend, if hereafter I decline your benevolence; yourself must own the necessity: permit me to shew the world they were mistaken, and that Jemima can stoop to every thing but the name of dishonour. Write to me, advise me; my father's last commands have rendered your advice sacred.—Farewell, my brother and friend! Ah! be careful of your safety. My health is greatly impaired: either my feelings deceive me—or soon, very soon, all will be peace, and fate no more bewilder the unfortunate

JEMIMA ROSS.”

I found by this letter, that Sandy had entered more into explanations with Jemima than I could have wished. I therefore determined to depart
to

to Scotland, and if possible set the wounded heart of Miss Ross at peace, undeceive the world, then return, and again meet Alexander Fraser. My rage knew no bounds: his life, methought, could alone expiate his crimes. My own innocence I wished to ascertain to Mary alone: her opinion was my world, the rest was immaterial: but Jemima's honour I had vowed to protect; I had sworn to guard her as the sister of a Campbell: that name could not bear dishonour, and blood alone could wash the stain from Jemima's name.—Before I departed for Scotland, I enclosed Miss Ross's letter to Mary Fraser, sending Sandy express to France, ordering him to inquire minutely into every particular; then
return,

return and meet me in London. Insensible that I was, I wounded a heart already too deeply stricken. I wished to shew Mary all Alexander's deceit, but did not recollect that exculpating myself was reflecting on her too easy belief; in short, I reached London in safety; and during my stay there, received several letters from Scotland, and among others, one from the widow Ramsay, which informed me, that the affair between Frazer and myself being publicly known, had consequently reached the ears of Miss Ross, whose gentle spirit had suffered so greatly that she dreaded the consequence. Soon after the receipt of this I was joined by Sandy, who informed me, that he had delivered my letter to

Mary, and brought me the following answer, which is also preserved in the collection :

“ I know the prudential part of the world would start at my writing to a man, the declared enemy of my father and husband ; but an unhappy difference of opinion has alone made him the first, and Mary Fraser’s credulity the last : then, Campbell, I will think of you as a brother, estranged by that difference only, from sharing the same paternal bosom. Ah ! why were we born in a sphere that entitled us to take part in the interests of princes ? My temper, though warm, is humble ; and Mary, mistress of a cot by a brook-side, had felt more real happiness than the flattered Miss Fra-

fer in all the pride of wealth. Naturally timid, I have ever shrunk from public life: why will you call forth my name from the obscurity in which I wish to conceal it? If ever I was dear to you, or if my entreaties can have the least weight, pursue Alexander no farther; if not for his sake, for my honour spare him. The world will make me a sharer in every action, and, though buried in a convent, will not scruple to say that Mary took part in all. Then I conjure you, if you value my life, save me from the tongue of calumny, and seek no farther revenge, which if you determine to persist in, I here vow by all I hold most sacred, to renounce the world for ever; on the contrary, if you relin-

quish your sanguinary intentions, although I mean to remain here, yet it is not my inclination to take the veil. Turn your eyes from deceit and Alexander—from falsehood and Mary: turn them on the innocent victim, the suffering Jemima: set her above an unfeeling world, proclaim aloud her virtue, and shield her honour with Campbell's name. Grossly is she calumniated, and yourself alone can clear her fame from the opprobrium that surrounds it; even your own honour, Campbell, demands that you make Miss Ross your wife: you swore to protect her, and no other method is left. Pardon me for entering so warmly into your affairs, but to whom is your happiness dearer?—Farewell,
my

my friend; you preserved the life of my father at Sheriff Muir, and surely the man to whom I owe my parent must merit that appellation from

MARY FRASER."

Sandy informed me, that Alexander Frazer still continued confined from his wound, which the physicians thought would materially injure his health, was he even fortunate enough to survive it; and that Mary had peremptorily refused to leave the convent, though her father used every means to persuade her to quit it. Her letter rather flattered than smothered my passion; and though a redress was absolutely necessary to Jemima's fame, yet my love to Mary precluded every thought of

K 3

making

making the reparation she mentioned. It is true she was young, gentle, and pleasing ; nay, to a disengaged heart, perhaps charming. I loved her as a sister, but my heart was calm ; with Mary Frazer, how different ! it was adoration, and the phrensy of passion : and though her marriage with Alexander ought totally to have destroyed my hopes, yet a thousand absurd chimeras nourished flattering ideas, and made me slow when I ought to have flown to the injured Jemima : her mild spirit claimed every assistance to support itself against the shock it had received. Mary's temper, on the contrary, though possessed of every female charm, depended more on itself, and
would

would have shrunk humiliated from offered service : she would have pined in secret, yet blushed to own that those she despised had power to grieve her.

But it grows late, Duncan, therefore you must excuse the remainder of my narrative until to-morrow.

CHAP. XVI.

"O happiness! where art, thou to be found?
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady mis'd thee not."

HOMER.

THE next day the Colonel continued his narrative thus: "Honour and humanity both calling me to Scotland, I set out, reached it in a few days, visiting Carrybrugh before Kenneth Castle. To my grief and vexation, I found Jemima to all appearance in the last stage of a consumption. Her gentle soul had sunk under the rude breath of calumny, and
appeared

appeared hastening to quit its mortal tenement. Ever stranger to form, I entered too abruptly into her presence: her altered pallid visage struck me—I started—she half rose from her chair, but surprise deprived her of the little strength she had remaining, and she again sunk into her seat, exclaiming, “My preserver, my brother! My prayers are heard! I see you once more, I can die in peace!” I flew to her—I pressed her to my bosom—I kissed her pale cheek; it was a kiss of brotherly affection, esteem in which the delirium of love had no share. “My Jemima! my sister!” said I, “in what a state do I find you! but cheer your spirits, I will clear your fame, or perish in the attempt.” “Ah! you mistake

K 5

greatly;

greatly ; the danger of Colonel Campbell can never cheer my desponding spirits : rather a promise no more to venture a life so precious, would be to me preferable. Indeed, the generous Miss Frazer," cried she, bursting into tears, " has rendered every other needless."—" Miss Frazer !" repeated I with surprise. " Yes, Miss Frazer ! read there," replied she, giving me a letter, " and judge, whether she ought not to be as dear to Jemima as to yourself." It is among the collection, read it, Duncan.

" From the many informations I have received of Miss Ross's amiable disposition, I flatter myself she will not reject my offered friendship. Would to Heaven that the unhappy cause
which

which drove me from Scotland, did not prevent my offering it in person; but as that is at present impossible, the friend of my childhood, and kind monitress of my once happier days, will do herself the pleasure of presenting this. Congenial minds are soon acquainted; and Lady Jane Montgomery and Miss Ross are formed to love each other. Perhaps, dear as she is to me, I shall never see her more; then must you supply the loss of Mary Fraser, and she take on her the sacred trust reposed in Colonel Campbell; who though strictly virtuous, yet his youth, person, and profession, render him in the eye of the world a dangerous guardian—however distant such ideas are from the minds of those tho-

roughly acquainted with him : but how often are we obliged to sacrifice real advantages to custom and established rules ! I know not how to apologise for this liberty ; but believe me when I assure you that the interest my heart takes in your happiness occasions it : though our fathers were of different opinions, do not consider me as your enemy. Had Mary Frazer been the daughter of Lieutenant Ross, she would have considered Prince James as you do ; or Jemima, the daughter of Charles Frazer, had felt like the poor wanderer who now writes to her. Perhaps, Miss Ross, some fortunate hour may attend us, when we may meet and reciprocally weep our griefs in each other's bosom : then will Mary Frazer give you sigh for

sigh, and tear for tear: even now compare our sorrows, and you must confess that mine are equally great as your own. You have lost a parent nobly defending the cause which his heart prompted him was just; and a brother whose memory can never die, but must to after ages be pointed out as a mirror of bravery and duty. Reverse the scene, and view Mary Frazer, the flattered heiress of a powerful clan; behold her driven from her country, sharing the stigma of her grey-haired parent loudly proclaimed a traitor, and his life declared forfeit; consider her meanly intrapped to become the wife of a man, whom she in spite of every endeavour must despise, and now seeking in the gloom of a cloyster,

ster, her only asylum, that peace the world denies her. Hear her sighs re-echo through the cold damp vaulted roof, and see her stretched on the grave of some unhappy wretch, who living felt perhaps as deeply as herself; or prostrate at the altar's foot, imploring happiness for a parent! for Jemima! for Campbell! and pardon for her own recreant heart, which rebels against its duty. Behold me thus, Jemima, and defraud the happy dead of one tear to bestow on the living sorrows of

MARY FRASER."

Guess my astonishment on the perusal of this letter—my beloved Mary's intentions were easily discovered. She wished, by giving the gentle Jemima the countenance of a lady of the most distin-

distinguished character, to shew the falsehood of the malicious report spread by Alexander. In effect, Jemima informed me Lady Jane Montgomery had waited on her some days before my arrival, entreated her friendship, and insisted that as soon as she could be moved with safety, she should take up her abode with her. The entrance of two physicians put an end to our discourse; I retired with them, begging their candid opinion of the health of my charge. They assured me the extreme depression of her spirits was alone the cause of her illness, and that could the first be removed, the latter would soon regain its proper tone.

Mary

Mary Frazer's letter to Jemima was yet in my hand—I pressed it to my lips—I again read it; traces of tears were visible in many places. “What!” exclaimed I with enthusiasm, “shall Mary Frazer do more to protect the fame of Jemima than I, who swore to her dying father and brother to defend it? Honour indeed demands the reparation Mary mentioned; but how give my hand, when my heart is devoted? Ah, Jemima! thou meritest one undivided—and, alas! that is not mine to offer.” I returned to Miss Ross; in the evening she also received a visit from Lady Jane Montgomery, who lived about six miles from Carrybrugh; she desired my company for
a few

a few days at her house, saying, as she visited Miss Ross every two or three days, I could accompany her. I accepted this invitation with pleasure—she was the beloved friend of Mary, had indeed been in lieu of parent to her. Mrs. Frazer dying when she was very young, Lady Jane had undertaken the charge, and performed it with the peculiar tenderness that marked her character. When we bade Jemima farewell, though for so short a time, it was easily discovered that her heart was oppressed; tears trembled in her eyes; and her gentle entreaty to remember our promised visit, was given with an energy I thought her incapable of.

I had

I had seen Lady Jane during my visit two years before at Mr. Frazer's; our acquaintance was therefore easily renewed. She shewed me a letter which she had received from Mary; it contained a copy of the one I had sent to the convent from Jemima; in it she begged Lady Jane to afford Miss Ross her particular friendship, as her delicacy and honour were so firmly stamped, that they would not fail dispelling the cloud that hung on her fame. "Indeed," said Lady Jane, "I never executed a commission more willingly, for I was charmed with her at once; but give me leave, my dear sir, to declare my sentiments freely: fate has placed an everlasting bar between yourself and Mary Frazer, her husband's death

death by your hand could alone render her situation more terrible : in that case she has made a solemn vow, from which no earthly power can dissuade her, to take the veil. Might I advise you to adopt her plan, Miss Ross is amiable, of your own persuasion; and to convince you I think you a man of honour, I will tell you a discovery I have made: either I am greatly deceived, or Miss Ross loves you; she had a fever and delirium about a week before your arrival, during which I was much with her; and though I am certain *she* is innocent as an angel, it was not only the calumny of the world that then floated on her disordered imagination, it was more the danger of Colonel Campbell, on which she perpetually raved: thus, if
my

my conjecture is right, your own heart can alone point out a proper remedy." I know not how I expressed my astonishment at Lady Jane's information, for it really amazed me beyond measure; a confusion of recollections rushed on my mind at once, and rather confirmed than disproved the surmise. I retired to my own apartment, but not to sleep; I threw myself on the bed without undressing, giving way to a train of distracting ideas. Mary I believed still loved me, but she was the wife of another; yet her husband was not immortal; and though my hand could not take the desired vengeance without losing Mary for ever, yet a common malady might attack him, and she be left mistress of herself, in which case, flattering
 hope

hope whispered she would not refuse me. Full of this idea, I determined to live for her alone ; but then the suffering Jemima, how dispose of her, how restore her mind to its wonted calm ? My honour was given to protect, and that protection had heaped accumulating sorrows on her—She was poor, she loved me, grief had impaired her health, and whether occasioned by calumny on my account, or an affection which I could not return, all pleaded in her behalf, and prompted the only remedy. Thus divided between love and honour, I passed a restless night, and in the morning rose melancholy and undetermined. Lady Jane accompanied me in the promised visit to Jemima, whom we found much worse than the preceding

ing

ing day, her fever and delirium having returned during the night with redoubled violence. Shocked with this intelligence, we hastened to her chamber, where she was confined to her bed. Guess how my concern was increased, when I found her, on our entrance, raving with the utmost vehemence; sometimes on Mary Frazer, then on myself. It was in vain that Lady Jane endeavoured to sooth her, her senses were too much deranged to recognise any one; her constitution naturally delicate, and rendered still more so by repeated troubles, could ill sustain such violent efforts; and towards evening she sunk into a heavy but convulsive sleep, which every one predicted the fore-runner of death. Unable to sustain the sight, I retired to
the

the parlour, where I determined to wait the event ; Lady Jane forming the same resolution. Never were my sufferings equal to those of that night. Lady Jane's surmises were now confirmed ; my own ears had witnessed from Jemima's ravings, that I was dearer to her than I either expected or wished. Lady Jane's words were friendly and consolatory ; but how could they appear so to me, when she advised me, should, which was very improbable, Jemima have again an interval from the violence of her disorder, to offer her my hand ? To give up Mary for ever ! distraction was in the thought ; I acted a thousand extravagancies, venting an unconnected string of incoherent curses on Alexander Frazer, whom I regarded as the
cause

cause of all. My rage at last exhausted, I was obliged to leave Lady Jane to conceal the tears which I could not restrain; by Heaven! at that moment I would have given my whole fortune with pleasure to have met with the villain Alexander, that I might have wreaked my vengeance on him.

Lady Jane at length came to me, desiring me to accompany her to Jemima, who was awake, and, though very low, perfectly sensible: never was I so enervated, I trembled like a culprit.

When I entered the apartment her eyes were sunken, the flush occasioned by delirium had forsaken her features, and was replaced by a pallid death-like languor. As I approached she stretched out her hand. "My best friend," said

she

the faintly, "I grieve at the trouble I occasion you; soon shall I be at rest, and you released from a promise which has given you so much unhappiness." "My dear Jemima," I replied, "I do not wish to be released from my promise, I rather desire to confirm it; your health and happiness are requisite to my peace; then exert your spirits, and Campbell will not prove unworthy the sacred trust reposed in him." Jemima, exhausted by weakness, could not continue a discourse which was equally painful to me. Lady Jane therefore, taking my arm, said we would retire for a few hours, first recommending the utmost care to the attendants. As we returned to Lady Jane's seat, she did not once break silence, nor was I tempted to be more

communicative until our arrival at Montgomery House, where she desired me to retire to rest.—“To rest!” replied I, “would to God I could rest for ever! but I am ready to do what you please.” Lady Jane made little answer to my discourse, but rang the bell for my servant, who lighted me to my apartment. Whether sorrow or fatigue, I know not, had impaired me; no sooner was my head on the pillow, than I fell asleep; but far from relieving my dejection, it increased it—a thousand distracting images wantoned in my imagination. Lieutenant Ross and his son again appeared to enforce their request: Alexander Fraser’s infernal treachery again deprived me of Mary, and again we fought: in short, my mind had been too busy
while

while awake, not to furnish matter to render sleep equally distressing. In the morning, I rose with a heart not relieved, but less torn with rage ; sullen melancholy had taken its place, and fixed my determination to marry Jemima if she recovered, and would accept me." The supper-bell here broke upon the Colonel's narrative—the tears Peggy had shed for Jemima had not escaped his notice ; nay, they had more than once diverted the attention of Duncan, who longed to kiss them off. " Peggy," said the Colonel, " I thank you for the sorrow you have expressed for Jemima ; she truly was the most gentle and best of women."—" Alas !" replied Peggy, " she was the very child of sorrow : deprived of every stay, and

her poor heart fixed on one that could not return her affection, surely death was her only refuge.”—“No, Peggy,” returned the Colonel, “she lived to see the hour when I blessed Heaven that gave me such a wife : it is certain I never loved her with the passion with which I did Miss Frazer ; but united to her, her tenderness and complacency stole by imperceptible degrees on my heart, and rendered her indispensably necessary to my happiness : her mildness softened the natural warmth of my temper, and a fear of alarming her has often withheld me when every other consideration was fruitless.” The entrance of supper prevented more discourse this evening ; but the next night the Colonel continued his narrative.

C H A P.

CHAP. XVII.

"Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed."

———— My son! my son!

My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour!"

HOME.

I HAVE already told you that I was determined to marry Jemima, if she would accept me; the loss of Mary had disgusted me with life, and it appeared immaterial how I disposed of the remainder of mine.

Lady Jane and myself visited Jemima the next day, who though extremely enfeebled was better, having no return of her fever. In short, we saw her daily for near a month, when

she was so far recovered as to quit the house where she boarded, and take up her residence entirely with Lady Jane, who on her removal hinted my desire of uniting my fate with hers. In short, not to enter into particulars, Jemima in two months more accepted me as her husband; for though at first she refused me, well knowing my attachment to Mary, yet Lady Jane so powerfully pleaded my cause, added to the partiality she certainly had for me, that she consented to become my wife. I will own to you, that on the day of my marriage I maintained an appearance of composure with the greatest difficulty; nor had I so well preserved it, had not a tear which now and then stole down the cheek of Jemima, but which she turned aside and
p r i v a t e l y

privately wiped off, recalled me to the duty and affection I had vowed her.

Lady Jane accompanied us to Kenneth Castle; her countenance and our marriage entirely removed the cloud that had hung on Jemima; the most haughty now stooped to make advances to her; for though she had no fortune, yet she might boast the antiquity of her family with most in Scotland.

Jemima's health was still in a very precarious state; and though I bestowed every attention on her I could possibly devise, yet I take shame to myself, in avowing Mary Frazer was equally dear to my heart as ever.

Some time previous to my marriage, Lady Jane in the mildest terms, and in Mary's name, asked for a picture which

she had given me on our first separation. The stroke of death could not have been more severe than was this request, which she assured me was made more for my own peace, than any other motive.—“That you have possessed it,” said she, “will enhance its worth to Mary: consider, should the gentle unassuming Miss Ross by any means know that you have, and highly value, such a portrait, how greatly it must distress her! nay, it can only nourish a passion that now must be a double crime: restore it therefore, my dear sir, and nobly throw off a weakness, that cannot fail if pursued to dishonour you. Mary Fraser’s virtues and worth are written on your heart, and require no weak emblem to preserve them there; grant her entreaty

entreaty then, nay, her command, and send back what she is convinced can only give you pain." The anger I felt at this request, which piqued my pride, gave me a momentary carelessness, which I ought to be ashamed to own I have frequently repented; and snatching the picture from my bosom, I exclaimed, "There, madam, take it: I will endeavour to erase the original, who can demand so easily what she herself bestowed: but perhaps she wants it for Alexander; let him preserve it, keep it as I have done—"—"You wrong her," interrupted Lady Jane, taking the picture: "the request was made by my advice, as I was convinced it only served to nourish an unavailing passion. Did I not surprise you twice,

Colonel Campbell, with it pressed to your lips? I am sure it was Mary's portrait; and contracted as you are to the best and most unoffending of women, am I not acting the part of a friend to deprive you of what can only give rise to painful ideas?" Informed that the request was not originally from Mary, I reprobated my own folly in so hastily giving up the picture, and entreated Lady Jane to restore it, at least until my marriage; but she peremptorily refused, saying, it was not the way to cure a wound to have the object that occasioned it ever before our eyes. Thus deprived of a portrait which I valued more than my existence, by a momentary fit of passion, but that entreaties could not regain, I had no resource but

but to bear my loss in silence, though in my heart cursing a thousand times a day my hasty folly in parting with it.

Mary Frazer wrote to congratulate Jemima on her marriage, and also frequently to Lady Jane, who usually shewed her letters to my wife.

About a year after our marriage, Jemima presented me with a son : no persuasion could prevent her nursing the child ; and though her health was naturally delicate, it appeared to have the happiest effect on her constitution : my own heart also began to be more at ease ; the persevering gentleness of my partner, and the innocent caresses of my infant, made me think less of Mary Frazer ; nor can I say that in the many years I had the happiness of passing with

Jemima I ever once repented the step I had taken.

Mary Frazer remained seven years in the convent; about the expiration of which period she informed Lady Jane, that her father had lately been in a very precarious state of health, expressing her fears that she should be obliged to leave the convent to attend him; a circumstance that would give her real concern, as she was well and happy: in short, some time after she was necessitated at his express command to comply.

Mary had been at home with her father near a year, when I learned from a gentleman lately come from France, that the senior Mr. Frazer was dead, after a very long and painful illness, during which

which his daughter Mary had attended him with the utmost duty and affection; in requital of which, he had taken advantage of her feelings and grief, telling her he could not die in peace, unless she promised him to forgive, and receive Alexander as her husband. Mary was long inexorable, but on his entreating it just before his death, she consented. Mr. Frazer's estate was confiscated; he therefore, I apprehend, wished her to live with Alexander, as his fortune was large, and could support her in the state she had ever been accustomed to; for the despicable poltroon, though in his heart a rebel, had not courage openly to support the cause he secretly favoured.

I cannot say this information awoke my love, but it recalled all the villany
of

of Frazer to my mind with redoubled rancour; I execrated Mary for her weakness, when, alas! I ought only to have pitied her.

Lady Jane Montgomery frequently received letters from Mary as usual, but did not always communicate them even to Jemima, to whom she was exceedingly attached, and who in return respected her as a parent, lamenting her death sincerely; for we had the misfortune to lose the good old lady soon after I received the news of Mr. Frazer's decease. Lady Jane bequeathed her jewels, of which she had a prodigious quantity, between my wife and Mary Frazer; but the whole of her ready money to the latter, which was all she had to leave, her estate being entailed. The painful

task

task of settling her papers fell on Je-
mima, who among others found the
following : read it :

“ My dear friend,

“ I formerly flattered myself that I
should once more see you, but, alas !
the sacred command of a dying parent
has decreed it otherwise, and the unfor-
tunate Mary Frazer must never more
tread her native land. Could I have
been permitted to pass the remainder of
my life in the tranquillity of a cloister,
methinks I should not have breathed a
complaint : but, alas ! ill-formed to the
state in which fatal necessity has placed
me, my soul shrinks, my strength de-
cays, and soon, soon shall my retrograde
heart cease to beat. Self-love whispers,

“ Bear

“Bear up, Mary! thou hast been a dutiful child, let not the character of wife fall lower than that of daughter.” But in vain: the enthusiasm that bore me through the scene of duty is fled; and left a weak despairing woman, whose only refuge is tears, my fate is irrevocably fixed, and this is the last time the victim of duty shall dare to complain: but my swollen heart is full, and seeks relief by thus unburthening itself to you.

“Who interest themselves so much for me as the Colonel and yourself? He I doubt not has already pronounced me irresolute and weak; but even his fortitude could not have borne unshocked the stroke which I received; a dying parent’s entreaty, whose breath appeared to linger only until he obtained the

cruel promise. Great God ! methinks I still feel the stagnation I experienced when I first attempted to pronounce it : my heart felt cold within my bosom, my lips refused to move, and pain and horror were for some time happily lost in insensibility. Ah, would to heaven my eyes had closed for ever !—Fatal attentions, alas, too soon awoke me again to misery !—“ Mary, my beloved Mary !” said my father, his voice faltering between each word, “ what has Frazer done, that was not occasioned by his affection to yourself ?” Alexander threw himself at my feet ; a convulsion seized my father which for some time deprived him of utterance : at length, recovering from that state, though death was strongly imprinted in every feature, he
took

took my hand, and fixing his eyes on Alexander, then on me with a look of entreaty which I cannot describe, "Mary," said he, "I die! Bless thee! though thou wouldst not make me happy, bless thee!" His voice faltered, he was again convulsed. "Oh my father!" I exclaimed, "I am yours : shall your child distress you at this moment? No, forgive me, I am ready to obey!"—His efforts to speak for some moments were fruitless; at length drawing my hand, which was enclosed in his, still nearer to him, he attempted to give it Alexander, feebly articulating the word *promise*. I know not what enthusiasm supported me at that moment, but I replied with firmness, "I do, my father! your daughter will fulfil your command."

mand." He again attempted to speak, but the word that enforced his request was his last ; he gave me a look of complacency, bent himself towards me, and expired in my arms.—I did well, my heart applauds me, and fate has irrevocably fixed me Alexander's ; I am his wife, and, though meanly intrapped to be such, will remember the dignity of that character. Yet to you, my friend, let my heart be open ; I have entreated to remain in France—might not my presence in Scotland disturb the peace of Mrs. Campbell ? She too well knows that her husband has loved me ; alas ! it has been also too plain, that he was not indifferent to me. To live in one country with him, sometimes perhaps to meet ! forgive me, Lady Jane, the
trial

trial would cost me too dear : yet, my friend, among the few cheering ideas that relieve my gloomy imagination, the happiness of the deserving pair is one of the most pleasing ; frequently do I draw pictures in my fancy of their domestic felicity, the social fire-side, the company of yourself, their children lisping endearing words, the gentle voice of the mother, the manly accent of the father softened, and uttering words of tenderness.—These ideas at once delight and oppress me ; I bless Heaven for their happiness, and drop a tear on my own fate. Farewell, my friend ! in my next I shall be more myself.

Adieu.

MARY FRASER."

Doubtless

Doubtless Lady Jane never meant this letter for our inspection; but neither Jemima nor myself could determine to destroy it. I should have told you, that during these years my wife had borne me three sons; the youngest of which was my beloved James, who lost his life at Culloden Field. A few months after Lady Jane's death, we heard that Mary was far advanced in her pregnancy, though her health had been visibly declining ever since the death of her father. I did not hear this news without an emotion, which I found it difficult to conceal. I therefore hastened from the company who gave the information, and retired to my own apartment. "What!" exclaimed I, "shall Mary become a mother,

mother, to preserve a line of villains? shall that bosom nurse cowards, despicable liars? But I thank her, my heart is now my own—or rather it is now wholly Jemima's. Mary is worthy her fate, and I will never more think of her." The entrance of my wife, with little James at her bosom, disturbed me; the sight made me blush for my folly—I clasped her in my arms, and inwardly ejaculated a prayer to Heaven, that Mary might be erased from my heart, that I might fulfil my duty to the best, the most deserving of women. I hope, nay I think I should have kept this resolution; but about two months after, I learned the melancholy news, that the dear unfortunate victim of a relentless father was

no more : she had given birth to a daughter, and expired. I hardly knew how much I loved Mary until this event ; a thousand imprecations did I bestow both on her father and husband ; my gentle partner soothed and wept with me by turns, till reason, duty, love, honour, all struck on my heart, and upbraided a sorrow that could not but give pain to the tender susceptible bosom of my wife : I therefore studied to appear calm, till I became in reality so. About a year after this, I had the misfortune to lose my two eldest sons, within a short space of each other, and forgot every former sorrow in my endeavours to sooth and comfort my *Jemima*. James was now our only care, and domestic felicity for some years rendered

rendered the castle delightful. I heard from France that Alexander Fraser bore the loss of the sacrificed Mary with the utmost calmness; that he had placed his infant daughter in a convent, alleging for his reason, that his wife was remiss in the duties of her religion, and favourable to the Protestants; a fault he wished to obviate in his daughter, whom he designed for a religious life. I have since learned he had another motive; for during the retirement of Mary he had formed a connection with a woman of infamous character, that had borne him a son whom he wished to legitimate.

Nothing happened to shock our happiness until the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-two, when I had the
misfortune

misfortune to lose my beloved friend and companion, the gentle Jemima. James was now in his seventeenth year; my arm had long hung idle; the death of my wife was the most weighty sorrow I had yet felt; she was necessary to my happiness; the castle became hateful to me; every thing brought back her virtues to my remembrance; the nation was involved in war: therefore taking James with me we travelled to London, joined the Monarch, and attended him at the battle of Dettingen, April the sixteenth, one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. Here I was first attacked by the gout, which after some time obliged me to return home. James, however, my valiant son, attended the Duke of Cumberland

at Tournay ; four months after which he returned to Scotland, on the news of the rebellion breaking out there. I was tolerably recovered from my fit of the gout, and determined to accompany James in the next expedition—which, alas! was Culloden. My son, my darling, the support of my age, received a musket shot in his breast, which ended an honourable life at the age of twenty years and eleven months.” Tears, which flowed fast down the cheek of the veteran, obliged him for a while to delay his story. Duncan, unwilling to shew the same evident marks of feeling, walked towards the window ; while Peggy, stranger to disguise, and from whom the kindness of the Colonel had long banished

banished distant respect, forgot timidity, caught his hands, and alternately kissing them and bathing them with her tears, sunk before him, hiding her face on his knees ; where, after giving way to the sorrow that oppressed her, she exclaimed, “ Great God ! my heart ever recoils at the very name of that destructive rage—war !—Alas ! who that enters it is secure ? Heaven protect ”——sobs choked her utterance, but the direction of her eye plainly evinced for whom the entreaty was made. “ For shame, Peggy ! ” replied the Colonel, turning aside to wipe the tears that hung on his cheek, “ for shame ! thou art a little enervating coward ; wouldst thou have our boys stay pusillanimously at home, and trem-

ble at the approach of danger?" "My dear Sir," replied Peggy, "I do not pretend to understand those things, and doubtless think and speak like a silly girl, for great men and wise ones of all ages have encouraged war; but my unassuming heart ever whispers that ambition oftener than rectitude is the cause. Surely kings being placed above other men ought to set them examples of moderation and virtue; and yet, good God! I shudder to think how many unprepared souls do their quarrels force to rush into the presence of their Creator. Should he demand why they have done this, will a piece of land, or a salute at sea omitted, excuse the lives of the thousands they have plunged into an untimely grave? Will not the cry
of

of the orphan and the widow stand against them? Alas! I grieve that time immemorial has given sanction to such a barbarous custom; would to Heaven mankind loved each other like brothers, and the infernal instruments of war had never been invented!" The energy with which she spoke surprised the uncle and nephew; they were both silent; and Peggy, finding her heart had disclosed itself so openly, was a moment confused, her face glowing with crimson: "Forgive me, my dear Sir; but—but——" "Do not apologise, Peggy," said the Colonel; "I am pleased thou shouldst give thy opinion—thou thinkest right as a woman, for gentleness and timidity make them infinitely amiable; but a man without

bravery is the most despicable of beings. I honour, I revere, a brave fellow, however low fortune may have placed him. Duncan, I command thee on my blessing, fight whenever thy heart shall dictate in the cause of honour or virtue: but never let passion so far predominate as to raise thy arm in defence of folly or vice. Reclaim them by counsel if thou canst, but hazard not thy life in a cause for which thy friends would blush to have thee fall.—But away with serious subjects; sing an old song, Peggy, and then we will retire to rest.”

Peggy immediately obeyed.

The next morning the weather being indifferent, and preventing the Colonel's usual walk, he concluded his narrative.

narrative. “ The battle of Culloden was fought on the sixteenth of April, one thousand seven hundred and forty-six. My dear son, as I before informed you, received a musket-shot on almost the first attack. I was told he was wounded but slightly, and that he had instantly been borne away by his men. The rage of the battle, the prospect of victory, all conspired to banish fear. My men, whose universal favourite he was, fought with redoubled rancour—exclaiming to each other, Revenge ! revenge !—The victory decisive, my heart elate with joy and pride, I flew instantly to my boy, who was carried a little aside, and under the shelter of a tent. “ Victory, my son ! ” exclaimed I as I entered : “ but, oh ! Duncan !

how can I paint the dreadful change I in a moment experienced? James, who I had flattered myself was slightly wounded, was covered with the cold damp of death: life appeared only to have lingered until he again saw his father. He had not spoken since he received the wound, but a smile at sight of me for a moment painted new life on his sunken and death-like features: he attempted to speak, but all efforts were fruitless. I threw myself by his side, in a state little short of distraction, reprobating the ill-directed ball that struck the youthful bosom of the son, instead of the aged one of the parent. My hand was locked in his; again he attempted to speak, again the struggle was fruitless. He fixed his
eyes

eyes on me with the most expressive anxiety, raised my hand to his lips, pressed it close to his heart, and expired.—I blush, Duncan, to give these evident proofs of weakness,” said the Colonel, wiping the tears that ran in torrents down his aged cheek—“but remember I am enervated by age, and weep at what ought to be my greatest glory. Thou Duncan, I feel, wilt come home victorious, and deck my grey hairs with fresh laurels—for thy honours are mine, son of my heart, whom Heaven sent in lieu of James.”

“My more than father,” replied Duncan, falling on his neck, “your pupil shall not disgrace you.” Peggy sobbed aloud; and the Colonel, sorry to see both grieved, assumed a cheerful voice,

called for a glass of wine, and continued his narrative.—“ My dear nephew, I shall draw a veil over my first distraction on the loss of my son. Restored to miserable recollection, I immediately sent to the Duke of Cumberland for leave of absence ; it was instantly granted, and the very night after the victory I began my melancholy travel homeward. The event of the battle reached our village but a few hours before me. What officers had fallen was not yet known, and James’s death was first published to my mourning tenants by myself. Grief for a long time embittered every recollection ; but time, and the care of you, Duncan, have insensibly lessened it, and my utmost wish is now to
leave

leave to the world a noble and brave representative."——The Colonel here ceased, and received the thanks of his auditors.

C H A P. XVIII.

“ ————— Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights ;
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure: sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.”

HOME.

AS Duncan was to depart in a few days, in order to join his regiment, preparations employed the intervening time ; several youths of the village came to the castle, insisting on permission to attend the Captain, as they termed him. Whenever he went out, he was instantly furrounded, the old men wishing him success, the old women the same, though blaming the Colonel for sending

fending him at so early an age, recalling to each others memory, and shedding a tear of grateful remembrance to the manes of James Campbell. "Heaven speed ye!" exclaimed they; "he was just sic another bonny lad when he went to the battle of Culloden, his heart as warm, and his hand as open—God shield ye, and guide ye safe back!" The young lasses, though silent, were by no means satisfied with his departure; for though they strongly suspected his partiality to Peggy, yet the gracefulness of his person, and good-humoured ease of his behaviour, made him so great a favourite among them, that he might at an hour's notice have raised a regiment of highland lasses. "I think, Duncan," said the Colonel,

Colonel, "that before your departure you should give these honest folks an entertainment, what say you?" Duncan seized on the idea with transport, as he thought by that means he might find an opportunity of entertaining Peggy for a short time, which he had in vain attempted for some days past; the offer was therefore instantly accepted, and the time of rejoicing fixed for the evening before Duncan's departure.

Peggy in the mean time in vain endeavoured to conceal the grief that preyed upon her; it discovered itself in every action: her mind therefore unattuned to mirth, heard of the purposed entertainment with indifference, or rather with disgust; and on the evening of its celebration, appeared so pale and spiritless,

spiritlefs, that the Colonel and Mr. Sommers both mentioned it to her, inquiring if ſhe was ill—"No indeed, ſir," replied ſhe with her uſual frankneſs; "but is it poſſible I can rejoice for the departure of Mr. Campbell? Could I do ſo, I were the moſt ungrateful of wretches. Alas! were it for his return, who ſo cheerful as myſelf?" The entertainment conſiſted of a dinner, to which all the Colonel's vaſſals were invited, the veteran and his nephew preſiding, after which was a ball and ſupper. Duncan, according to his uſual cuſtom, led out Peggy, and afterwards danced with ſeveral of the village maidens; a piece of etiquette the Colonel was obliged however to remind him of, for Peggy's hand

hand clasped in his, her fine eyes fixed on him, he would willingly have forgotten there was another female in the whole creation. The Colonel, in order to confer all possible honour on his dependants, presided at the supper table, as he had before done at dinner; but Duncan, who was warm with dancing, pleaded it as an excuse for his attendance. To confess the truth, he had heard Peggy decline sitting down, and was determined to profit of this opportunity to speak to her. She had retired to the adjoining apartment, where with her elbow leaned on the table, and her cheek rested on her hand, she was giving way to a thousand melancholy thoughts, which however were broken upon by the entrance of Duncan.—

“Peggy,

“Peggy, my love,” said he, “why this gloom? It has distracted me for some days past: tell me, has my uncle or Mr. Sommers said any thing to occasion it? Have they, my sweet girl, chid you on account of the discovery my uncle made the other day?”—“Alas!” said Peggy, “you wrong them greatly; they are too good, too condescending to one whom they have raised so high, that she weakly forgets herself. Retire, sir, I conjure you leave me, I am sensible of my past error, the Colonel shall henceforward have no cause to complain of me.”—“Leave you, Peggy! Is this coldness the effect of their prudent counsel? for surely it does not proceed from thy heart. If it does, I shall quit Kenneth Castle with pleasure. Say, Peggy,
am

am I become hateful to you? do you wish me gone? If so, speak; I will leave you; yet think before you utter it, perhaps we may never meet again.” —“Perhaps not,” said she, bursting into tears, and looking on him with earnestness; “but then I soon shall follow you.” —“My dearest girl, for Heaven’s sake, for mine, for your own, listen a moment to what I have to say! My uncle you well know loves you: were you once my wife, he would be the first to applaud the step that made you such; for at the present moment the prejudices of high birth are alone your enemy.” Peggy attempted to speak, but Duncan prevented her. “A few words more, and I have done: the minister of an adjacent village is my

my friend, I made him such yesterday ; he is ready at any time, and will make thee mine for ever. Then, Peggy, do not hesitate, but early to-morrow morning give thyself to thy faithful Duncan, who under such a circumstance will act as thou thinkest fit ; that is, proclaim our union to the world, or keep it secret until my return. Speak, my love, can you refuse me ?”

“ Yes, surely,” replied she : “ were I guilty of such a vile piece of ungrateful treachery, I were unworthy you, Duncan. No, never will I act so contrary to the commands of my more than parent ! What ! betray his confidence ? repay his benefits with deceit ? I may suffer, but cannot be so unworthy.”

“ You condemn me then, Peggy, to
misery,

misery, to relinquish you perhaps for ever. Think, my love, how many vexatious occurrences may happen ; then, for Heaven's sake, let us profit of an opportunity which never may return ; be mine, lawfully mine ; far from condemning, the whole world must applaud me for appropriating to myself a jewel that would grace a diadem."

"It is in vain," replied Peggy ; " I cannot, must not listen to you ; suffer me to leave you ; I have promised the Colonel—how can you urge me to a step, that must make us both guilty of the blackest ingratitude?"—"Cruel girl ! promise me then to remember my affection, and accept my proffered hand on my return."

"Indeed, I cannot promise the latter

part

part of your request, for I will never, never marry; but for the former, is it possible I can forget? No, Duncan, my heart I hope is not an ungrateful one, and you must be its first, its dearest object." Duncan caught her in his arms with transport, and rapturously kissed off the tear that hung on her cheek. "Why," continued she, "will you force me to falsify what the Colonel requested, and what I promised myself? Heaven send you safe back, and dispose of me according to its good pleasure! In the hour of danger, if you love me, be careful of your life, for the sword that wounds you must bring death to me." With these words, Peggy hastily disengaged herself from Duncan's embrace, and, fearful of trusting herself

self further, instantly left the apartment.

Duncan, after some short time, returned to the saloon, where he thought to have found Peggy ; but she, under pretence of weariness, had retired to her chamber.

The next morning presented nothing but bustle, and preparations for Duncan's journey : even the Colonel, in spite of his partiality to a military life, felt uneasy at his departure. Mr. Sommers was thoughtful, and Peggy so visibly distressed, that both the gentlemen endeavoured to comfort her. Duncan was silent ; but his eyes, strongly expressive, spoke but the more interestingly to her heart. At length the dreaded moment arrived ; the young men who had insisted

insisted on attending the Captain, waited his joining them to depart; the pipers played "Over the hills and far away;" the vassals and servants were all assembled before the castle, to take a farewell of their youthful favourite. Duncan lingered to bid the final adieu, until roused by the Colonel embracing him—"Be valiant and prosperous, my son," cried he; "remember the honour of our house now alone depends on thy arm: sprung from a race of heroes, be worthy thy name, and shew the foe how bravely a Scot can defend his country! Farewell! Thy successes will give me back my youth, for I have no doubt to see thee return with honour." The Colonel with these words loosed his nephew

phew from his embrace ; Mr. Sommers' arms were open to receive him.—“ My dear youth,” said the good man, “ valour does not consist in rushing into needless danger ; the heat of youth is often apt to carry us farther than wisdom or prudence directs ; be careful, and recollect that your uncle and myself cannot, at our time of life, spare the person we have with such trouble reared to comfort our age ; farewell ! God protect and guide you !”

Duncan now turned to Peggy, who, pale and motionless, sat fixed in her chair unable to articulate a syllable, or shed a tear.—“ Peggy,” said he, becoming almost as pale as herself, and taking her trembling hand between
both

both his, "Peggy, farewell! we shall meet again." So saying, he attempted to salute her; but her spirits, unable longer to bear the conflict labouring in her breast, suddenly failed, and she sunk senseless in his arms. As Peggy was naturally healthy, and never troubled with any real or imaginary nervous attacks, her swooning greatly alarmed her patrons, who immediately called for assistance; Duncan in the mean time pressing her in his arms, every other idea lost in her situation, and uttering an hundred expressions of tenderness. Peggy at length began to revive; the Colonel gravely reminded his nephew that his companions were expecting him. Mr. Sommers supported, and spoke in mild accents to Peggy.

Thus hastened to depart, he pressed her once more in his arms, bade a general adieu, rushed out of the apartment, and joined his companions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

“ Mak orisons to him that faist
Our fauls upon the roode ;
Syne braisly schaw zour veins are fill’d
With Caledonian blude. ”

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PEGGY remained for some minutes after Duncan’s departure, in an attitude of eager attention, her eyes fixed on the door, and her head bent forward, as to catch the last sound of his steps which echoed on the stone pavement of the hall ; but that insensibly decreased, and the loud and repeated huzzas proclaimed the youthful Captain had joined his companions, to whom the Colonel presented him, saying, “ I give you my last hope ; be brave, my friends,

and may honour and victory sit on your swords !” With these words the veteran touched his hat, a compliment which was returned amidst repeated acclamations, separating at length with “ Long live Colonel Campbell, the friend of his country, and father of the poor !”— Mr. Sommers, we have before observed, was employed in supporting and speaking comfort to Peggy ; an office that prevented him accompanying his pupil to the instant of his departure, which, however, was sufficiently marked by a final huzza, and the pipers playing the Highland March.

Peggy fixed her eyes for a moment on Mr. Sommers with the most energetic expression ; then concealing her face on his shoulder, gave way to a violent

lent agony of sorrow. The good man, who feared her again relapsing into a state of insensibility, entreated Mrs. Donald to assist him to convey her to her apartment, where, after entreating her to compose her spirits, he left her, and joined the Colonel.

A very serious conversation now took place between the gentlemen; the Colonel expressing his sorrow, that Peggy had not been educated at school, rather than at the castle, where Duncan had found so many opportunities of gaining her affection: he now declared his fixed intention of sending her for some months to Lady Beugle's, in order to try whether the gaieties of the great world would not effect a change. "I

protest, Sommers," said he, " I am almost angry with myself for being so much the slave of custom ; nothing but the obscurity of her birth could make me hesitate a moment ; but to unite the heir of the Campbells with a cottager, impossible !" — " It would merely be the wonder of a month," replied Sommers : " however, send her to London : if the gaiety and admiration she meets there effect a change on her heart, she is doubly unworthy your nephew : if otherwise, I know not what to advise ; I confess I am partial to her, and, perhaps, might give an opinion contrary to your wishes."

Peggy remained in her apartment the whole day ; indeed her spirits and health were so deranged, by what had passed
in

in the morning, that she was incapable of quitting it.

Mr. Sommers in the evening paid her a visit ; during which, though with great delicacy and friendship, he pointed out the impropriety of her giving way to a childish passion that must inevitably imbiiter her future life. Tears were for some time her only reply ; at length, her heart being somewhat relieved, she answered, “ It is impossible, sir, you should think me half so imprudent as I feel myself, but my behaviour was involuntary ; the stroke which deprives me of life, cannot be so severe as was the sight of Duncan’s departure ; perhaps it was the last look : remember my obligations to him, his goodness, his humanity, his condescen-

sion; can I know all these, yet not love him? Surely no: however, I will never be unworthy the Colonel's kindness, nor ever act, or, if possible, speak contrary to his desires."—"The Colonel," replied Mr. Sommers, "has some thoughts, Peggy, of sending you for a short time to Lady Beugle's; not from anger, but he thinks it will give you an opportunity of improvement, and also be the means of weaning you of this folly, which gives him serious concern."—"I deserve his anger," said she, bursting into tears, "I merit to be banished his presence, and will obey; but must I go, never to see him or you more? Alas, my punishment is too severe!"

"No such thing, child," replied Mr. Sommers: "he has no intention of sending

sending you for more than three, or at most four months, during which, my good girl, you will reflect on the consequences of a passion, which gives even yourself so much pain : you will write to us frequently, and may be assured you have a firm friend in me, and one equally so in the Colonel : in the meantime, cheer your spirits, and attend him at breakfast to-morrow morning : such an effort will give him pleasure, and shew you endeavour to overcome your weakness." Peggy promised, and was as good as her word, being first in the breakfast parlour the next morning : the Colonel spoke to her with kindness, and also Mr. Sommers ; but unavailing was even the voice of friendship to restore her usual spirits : she indeed endeavoured to

appear cheerful, but the starting tear and frequent sigh plainly falsified all her efforts : in short, not only her spirits but her health appeared to have received a shock they would not easily overcome, an effect that a fortnight considerably increased, and began to give the Colonel and Mr. Sommers real concern.

In this state were the parties at Kenneth Castle, when the post one morning brought the Colonel two letters, one from Duncan, in high spirits, informing his uncle his regiment was ordered into immediate service, and would leave England in fifteen days at farthest ; nor did he fail to mention Peggy in terms that by no means flattered the Colonel with his easily forgetting her.

The

The second letter was from Mrs. Campbell, who informed her brother-in-law, she had received the news, that her daughter Lady Beugle was at Bath, and consequently was apprehensive lest she should not be in town on Duncan's arrival there; concluding the whole with telling him, that he might expect a visit from his nieces, Eleanor and Sophia Wilmot, the daughters of Lady Beugle, in about three months. "This letter, Sommers," said the Colonel, "is rather satisfactory, as it particularly enables me to fulfil a plan I had before formed: what say you? can I have a better opportunity of placing Peggy with Lady Beugle? Her health I am grieved to see daily decline; change of objects, air and exercise, may do much towards

restoring both ; and as Eleanor and Sophia mean to visit Scotland speedily, Peggy can then return with them, either for a time or otherwise, as we may find necessary. Donald shall go with her to Bath, and leave her in safety with my niece, who, though I have not seen her for many years, and indeed know little about, will doubtless behave in a manner suitable to my desires.” Mr. Sommers thought with the Colonel, that the change might effect an alteration for the better, and therefore approved of the scheme, especially as she was to return so speedily ; “ for indeed,” said the good man, “ I should be grieved to lose her ; she has now been so long with us, that her presence is become necessary to me.”—“ It is
equally

equally so to myself," replied the Colonel. "Nay, Sommers, some day I may, perhaps, give you a reason, why her first appearance so strongly interested me in her favour, an interest that a knowledge of her good disposition has increased." The entrance of Peggy here broke off the discourse, and the Colonel in the kindest terms informed her of his intention.—"You are too good to me, my dear sir," said she, kissing his hand, and bathing it with tears. "I am ready to do whatever you command; but my grandmother is now absent at the Isle of Sky, and may, perhaps, remain there some weeks longer, as she herself expressed when I heard from her."—"I have no doubt of her approbation," replied the Colonel, "as
your

your stay is to be so short ; therefore we will not delay the time to wait her answer, as I really think your health requires an immediate change ; be cheerful, my good girl, and be assured I am, and ever will be your friend.”—“ My more than father,” exclaimed she, sinking at his feet—“ Ah ! forgive the boldness of the beggar you have raised, for giving you that appellation, but the overflowing of my heart will sometimes force my lips to utter what I wish retained in my own bosom ; but never, never shall the child of your bounty be unworthy : permit me then speedily to return, if not to the castle, to my grandmother ; I shall then breathe the same air with you, know every occurrence respecting those I love better than myself,

self, and must be happy." The Colonel assured her, that he did not mean to deprive himself of her company for more than the period mentioned by Mr. Sommers. His word she well knew the value of, and the dependance that might be placed upon it; therefore soothed by the reflection that her banishment would be short, she became more composed, and it was at length fixed, that she should depart in a fortnight for Bath; the Colonel, in the intervening time, writing to apprise Lady Beugle of her intended visitor.

C H A P. XX.

“ ——— I but only jest
Wi’ gentry’s apes ; for still amangst the best
Gude manners gi’e integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to please.”

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE appointed morn at length arrived ; Peggy more dead than alive attended at breakfast, after which, she was to take leave of her patrons, and depart with Mrs. Donald, who, however, was to remain no longer at Lady Beugle’s than to rest from her fatigues, as her presence was materially necessary in the management of the household.

“ Peggy,” said the Colonel, “ do not be ashamed to write for what supplies

plies may be necessary; I well know that women in gay towns must be at more expence, than in such a retirement as this: besides, I would wish you rather to credit than disgrace Lady Beugle's house; for the present take this purse, it contains a hundred pounds; expend it, and be sure to ask for more if you find it necessary: be cheerful, my good girl, our separation will be short." So saying, the Colonel saluted her; but Peggy, unable to constrain her feelings, threw her arms around his neck, weeping aloud, and unable to articulate a word for some moments; nor was she much less affected on bidding Mr. Sommers farewell. At length, however, being somewhat relieved by tears, she assumed courage sufficient to

turn

turn her back to the happy spot, so deservedly dear to her, leaving both the Colonel and his companion much affected at her departure. "By Heaven!" said the Colonel, "I cannot account for it, but that girl has almost as dear an interest in my heart as Duncan; I hardly felt more in parting with him." Mr. Sommers expressed his concern also for her absence; and both gentlemen finding the want of a companion they were so accustomed to, determined to take a walk round the village, and banish the idea.

Mrs. Donald and Peggy seated in the chaise, both remained for some time silent; Peggy, from distress at leaving the castle; and Mrs. Donald, because she feared advancing any subject that
might

might increase her uneasiness. At length, however, the rude uncultivated beauties of nature, with which the Highlands particularly abound, stole her imperceptibly from herself. She had never travelled farther than six miles from Kenneth Castle since she enjoyed the Colonel's protection; and her journey, some years previous to that event, was at too early a period of life to make any impression on the memory, all therefore was fascinating and delightful:—the barren rock, the cultivated valley, the scattered huts, the rosy yellow-haired children of the peasants, skipping on the hills, regardless of sun or frost, and agile as the mountain goat—

These scenes would certainly never have engaged the attention of a modern
fine

fine lady; but Peggy, as we have before observed, had no claim to that title : beside, she had in some measure been accustomed to such views, although the country round Kenneth Castle was better cultivated than the landscape that now attracted her attention. Her thoughts thus in some degree diverted from the painful subjects that oppressed them, she became more placid, maintaining at least an appearance of serenity during the whole journey, although the starting tear was often privately wiped off, and the repeated sigh announced, that, although outwardly calm, all was not easy within.

Our travellers proceeded by easy stages until they reached Bath, which, to their disappointment, they found
Lady

Lady Beugle had left above three weeks before, having received a letter from her mother previous to that from the Colonel, which informed her of Captain Campbell's arrival in town. Attended by her family, the lady had in consequence immediately departed for London, where they were favoured with the company of their cousin Duncan for near a fortnight; at the expiration of which time, he had embarked with the troops destined for Germany.

After reposing one night, Mrs. Donald and Peggy renewed their journey, reaching London in two days. On their arrival at Lord Beugle's, Peggy's spirits almost failed her: however, summoning her courage, accompanied by Mrs. Donald, she followed the ser-

van

vaat who announced her, to Lady Beugle's dressing-room, whom she found attended by her daughters Eleanor and Sophia Wilmot. Her ladyship received our blushing highland lass with cold civility, viewing her with the steadfast stare of tonish breeding, in which she was imitated by Lady Eleanor, who had even laid down her tambour needle for the same purpose, fixing her eyes so strongly, that poor Peggy, unable to bear such a scrutiny, felt ready to sink with confusion, until relieved by Lady Sophia's saying, "You are welcome to London, Miss Grant: my uncle Campbell has particularly obliged my sister and self, by sending us so amiable a young friend." With these words she took her hand and placed her on a sofa.

Lady

Lady Beugle also condescended to desire Mrs. Donald to sit, for she well knew that the Colonel had a particular esteem for his house-keeper, as she had been a favourite domestic of his wife's. Her ladyship now enquired after the Colonel's health, expressing her amazement, that a man of his family and fortune should bury himself in the highlands. Mrs. Donald having answered her question, in her turn enquired after Captain Campbell's. Lady Beugle replied that he was in perfect health and tolerable spirits: "Indeed," continued she, "Duncan, I think, is exactly my uncle Campbell's counterpart; the same pursuits, the same inclinations appear to actuate both: in the many years I have left Scotland, never

could I prevail on him to favour me with even a short visit, he ever affirming that he hates large towns : neither does Duncan seem pleased with public life, as I assure you he appeared to regret Kenneth Castle : however, he is a fine young fellow, and no doubt, when he has seen a little of the world, will be pleased to take an active part in it, and not sequester himself in such a barbarous dreary spot for life." During this conversation, and more which followed, Peggy had an opportunity of observing her new acquaintance. Lady Beugle, though near forty-six, still retained a good person, of which she was not a little vain, her ear being ever open to flattery, and assuming an air of youth both in her manner and dress : in her disposition

sition she was haughty, possessing her mother's family pride to the utmost extreme: slave to etiquette and fashion, every other consideration gave way to them; for though she had left Scotland now near twenty-seven years, in the whole course of that time, her fashionable engagements had never given her leisure to revisit it but once.

Lady Eleanor was about nineteen; her form and features regularly beautiful, but spoiled by the affectation which directed both. The cosmetics with which her face was perpetually daubed, had deprived her cheeks of the roses that naturally dwelt there, and in their place had left a deadly paleness. Lady Eleanor supplied this

loss with rouge, which she declared was a thousand times preferable to the rude fixed colour of health, which was ever the same; while charming rouge could be used in shades at pleasure, giving the features a greater or less degree of animation as the wearer chose.

Lady Sophia was about a year younger than her sister, tall, and finely formed; her eyes and hair dark: her face, though not critically handsome, was perhaps more interesting than beauty could have made it; the animating glow of health, innocence, and good humour enlivening the whole, and diffusing the most bewitching charm on every feature.—Sophia, according to the opinion of her mother and sister,

was

was a vulgar robust creature, on whom example and precept had no power; all Lady Beugle's endeavours having been vain to make her a fine lady; for though she ever listened to her advice with the utmost attention, to her sister she was not so complaisant, often declaring cold water gave the complexion a finer glow than rouge, and that natural ringlets were more becoming than the curls of the most skilful hair-dresser.

Though Peggy could only judge from outward appearances, having no knowledge of the real characters or tempers of the ladies; yet there was something in both Lady Beugle and Eleanor that disgusted her; while, on the contrary, her heart seemed attract-

ed towards Sophia, who appeared an angel. She had never before seen so amiable a young woman; her circle of acquaintance being entirely confined to the castle, where every female, beside herself, was grey-haired. Lady Beugle's pride was certainly much hurt at being obliged to consider Peggy as a companion, for the Colonel mentioned her as such; which however only confirmed what her mother had given her to expect, and indeed desired her to comply with, as that politic lady had no less a scheme in agitation than espousing Duncan to his cousin Eleanor. It was therefore necessary to oblige the Colonel; and, if possible, provide Peggy with a husband—or at least by some means detach him from her;

her; for Mrs. Campbell had not failed to acquaint her daughter with her surmises of Duncan's attachment, which was the more alarming as the object of it was so great a favourite with his uncle. Lady Beugle, thus informed, behaved tolerably polite to her visitor through policy; but Lady Eleanor, though she certainly expected from the description of her grandmother to see a good-looking Scots lassie, had however formed no idea of so formidable a rival; she therefore could hardly conceal her vexation and disappointment. Sophia, on the contrary, had thought little about her, and found herself at once prepossessed in her favour; inwardly determining, if she was in reality as amiable as her appear-

appearance seemed, to promise, to use every means to soften what might be disagreeable in her situation.

As the travellers were both fatigued, they desired permission to retire ; a request that was very readily granted, as also one which Peggy made to dine with Mrs. Donald while she remained in town ; Lady Beugle condescending to order them a particular table.

Their privacy was seldom broken upon by any of the ladies except Sophia, who passed with them all the time she could possibly spare, every meeting rendering Peggy and herself more attached to each other ; and though the former felt greatly distressed at the departure of Mrs. Donald—
yet

yet she in some measure composed her spirits with the reflection, that the appointed time would soon elapse, and the good humour of Sophia enable her to bear the interval with patience.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.